THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, ARTS, AMUSEMENTS, NEWS.

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THE MANIAC'S SECRET:

—OR, THE—

PRIVATEER OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

A DARKER SCENE YET BEHIND THAT VEIL.

Evening came, and still Belinda was left alone. Her supper was brought to her room at the usual hour by the woman who waited upon her, and she ate sparingly. When the servant came to take the things away, Belinda asked her if Major Fitzgerald was in the house.

"No, ma'am," the woman answered. "He went out after supper."

"And was there another man with him?"

"Yes'm—a Mr. Danton—a very fine gentleman. P'r'aps you know 'im?"

"I have seen him," answered Belinda with a shudder. "But do you know if he is coming back here?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. I should think, though, he was goin' away somewhere, for I heard 'em talkin' about some place somewhere."

With this explicit piece of information the woman left the room, and Belinda retired once more to her sleeping room. Nine o'clock came, and as she was sure of having no visitors after that hour, she retired. For a long time she laid awake and pondered upon the scene of the afternoon. She remembered all that Fitzgerald had promised her, but she knew not how much confidence she could place in him. She had tried to feel towards him as a child should feel towards its parent, but she had not yet been able to realize them. She then wondered if she owed such a man the duty of a child. Here her heart answered one way, and her judgment another. Her heart said, No; but when she came to think of the absolute tie between a child and its father, she could not answer so readily. Yet upon one point she resolved before she slept: If the suit of Abner Danton were pressed upon her, and her new-found father attempted to consummate such a union, she would make her escape if she could.

On the following morning Belinda had her breakfast brought to her as usual, and after she had eaten it she was left alone until near the middle of the forenoon. It was about ten o'clock when she heard a step upon the stairs which she knew to be the major's, and ere long the door was opened, and Fitzgerald entered.

"Well, my child," he said, "you are looking pale after your excitement. I came to offer you a little walk. The earth is dry, and the air is fresh and bracing. We will go out on to the Common. Zounds, the grass is as green there as ever it was. Will you go?"

"With pleasure," answered Belinda.

"But stop. You sha'n't utter one word on the walk about what happened yesterday, for I don't want our pleasure marred by such allusion."

"O, sir, I will not—surely I will not," uttered Belinda; and she gave the promise with a sudden thrill of hope, too, for she felt that the request came from a desire to forget the affair altogether; and if such was the case, then of course she had reason to hope that he would never allow such another scene to transpire.

"Then fix as once," said the major, twirling his sword-knot.

Belinda was but a few moments in getting ready, and when they reached the street she took her companion's arm. They passed into Summer Street, and so on up Winter Street to the Common, where they spent some half an hour in viewing the soldiers. Then they passed out by the way of Long Acre into Tremont Street, keeping on to Sudbury, and thence to Hilliers Lane, which latter place is now a part of Court Street, towards Cambridge and Green.

"Are we not walking rather far?" suggested Belinda, as she began to feel fatigued.

"No, guess not," pleasantly replied the major. "I didn't mean to come so far, but when I found myself here at the entrance of this lane, I thought we'd just call and see an old friend of mine. Egad, I'm thirsty, and I take it you are tired: so I'll find some wine, and you some rest."

"But how much further is it?"

"Only a step—it's right here. You see that post with a lamp on it. Well, it's right in there, up that narrow passage. The man that built the house—he's a comical fellow—didn't want to face the street, so he put his house t'other way. You see he originally built a garden between his house and the lane, but afterwards sold it for another to put a house on. That's why his house now stands so far back. Are you very tired?"

"O, no, not very."

"Here's the passage."

As the major thus spoke they entered a small, or rather a narrow, passage, at the entrance of which was an arch. Upon the left hand of this passage was a solid wall of buildings, but they only presented their low backs, and had no windows looking into it from that side, while upon the right were three houses—low, wooden buildings, with the doorways lower than the pavement, so that to enter them it was necessary to step down one step to reach the door-stone. It was to the third house that the major made his way, and when he reached it he stepped down and plied the brass knocker which adorned the door, if such a thing could be called an ornament.

Belinda was not very favorably impressed by the appearance of things about her. The pavement was very dirty, seeming to be used as a sort of place for the reception of all the offal in the house; and then the doorstep, which, it will be remembered, was a foot lower than the pavement of the passage, thus forming a handy receptacle for dirt, was completely hidden by the rubbish which had probably been collecting there for months. And the aforesaid knocker, too, was not a very strong index of neatness, for the verdigris was thick upon it, and its indentations and crevices were filled with dirt.

"Zounds!" uttered the major, as he saw how narrowly his fair companion regarded these signs, "what a queer sort of a man old Tom is, to be sure—to let things go to ruin in this way. Eh, the lazy dog! it's lucky he's rich, or he'd go to destruction fast."

As he ceased speaking the door was opened, and an old woman showed her face. She was a dried up, tall, bony thing, somewhere over threescore, with deep-set gray eyes, tangled gray hair partly collected beneath a dirty cap, and wearing a ragged dress of quilted woolen stuff. Her face was repulsive, both in feature and color. The former was sharp and sour, and the latter of a dingy yellow, not unlike the hue of Scotch snuff.

"Is old Tom within?" asked the major.

The woman peered sharply into the applicant's face, and at length answered in the affirmative.

"He's up and well, isn't he?"

"Ye-es. Coom in."

Fitzgerald walked in, and as he reached the narrow, dark hall, he took Belinda by the hand.

"Come," he said, "we'll find more light up stairs."

"You tremble, sir," uttered the fearful girl.

"Eh? tremble?"

"Yes—your hands tremble. What is it?"

"Why, I'm thirsty—and perhaps tired. Ha, ha, ha—tremble—ha, ha, ha."

But the major's laugh was a sardonic one. It came out at spasmodic intervals, and was surely forced. He led the way up stairs, and when he reached the landing it was surely lighter.

"Where's Tom?" he asked of the woman, who still remained below.

"Up in the next story," squawled the hag.

So up another flight of stairs they went, and here they came to a small square entry-way, with only two doors leading from it. The major opened the one to the left and handed Belinda in, and then followed her. The apartment to which they thus gained access was of a medium size, perhaps some twelve feet square, or more, and very well furnished. It contained a dark, cherry table, four common chairs, one rocking-chair, a sort of couchlike sofa, covered with Nankin stuff, and a wash-stand and dressing-table and glass.

"Take off your bonnet, Belinda," said Fitzgerald, as he sat down.

"We wont stop long, sir?" returned the maiden, interrogatively.

"No, not long."

"Then I wont remove anything. I should like to get home soon."

"'Twont take us long to get home after we start. You know we came a round-about way in coming, but the way home is nearly straight. But it's curious where Tom is. You hold on a minute, and I'll go and find him."

"You will not be long away," said Belinda, shuddering.

"No, no, not long—of course not. I'm only going to find old Tom. I'll be right back, right away. I'm only after Tom—I wonder where the fellow is? He ought to be here. Zounds! he's a sad dog—Tom is. I wont be gone long, Belinda. Good-by. Ha, ha, ha, one would think I was going away, to hear me talk good-by so. Deuce take that Tom. Tom! Tom!"

As the major closed this strange course of remark he opened the door and passed out, and the last part of his speech was spoken in the hall. He closed the door after him, and Belinda heard his steps as he descended the stairs, still calling after "Tom."

"He looked very strangely," murmured the fair girl to herself, after she could hear the sound of her companion's steps no more. "And he talked very strangely, too. I wish he had not gone."

Yet she tried to assure herself that all was right, and to pass away the time she arose to examine the scenery about the house. There were two windows in the apartment, one looking to the west, towards Cambridge, and the other to the south, towards Valley Acre and Beacon Hill. To the west she could look down over the houses to the water of Charles River and the Back Bay, and to the south she could see the fortifications on the hill. As she turned her attention nearer to the house she could see that the building was surrounded on three sides by a very high fence of heavy frame work stoutly boarded, the coping of which was armed with long, sharp spikes. This was evidently done to protect the few consumptive fruit trees which grew in the yard, and also, perhaps, to keep off robbers, for surely no one could have got over that fence without a ladder.

Belinda examined all this, and then she sat down again but she was too uneasy to sit long. She wondered why her father did not return. Perhaps he had found "Tom," and they had sat down over a bottle somewhere else. She thought she would go to the door and see if she could hear them anywhere. She went, and having opened the door she passed out into the entry. She listened, but she could not hear the voice of her companion. After a while spent thus vainly she returned to the room and sat down again. While her eyes were wandering about the apartment she noticed a small door opposite the west window, which had not before attracted her attention. She went to it and raised the latch. It was not curiosity which prompted her, but a vague idea possessed her that she might see or hear something of the major. The door opened easily, and she passed through. She found herself in a smaller apartment than the one she had left; in it was a bed and two chairs. A coarse carpet, with warp of hempen cord and woof of twisted rags, covered the floor. One window looked from this room down into the narrow passage by which she had gained access to the house. She could see no one moving in the passage, nor could she hear any voices. She thought of raising the window and looking out, but when she came to try it, the thing was found impossible, for the sash was all of one piece, and set firmly into the frame, so that it could not be moved at all in any direction.

By this time, Belinda began to have the worst of fears. She had now been alone nearly half an hour, and she began to think of finding some means of egress from the place, or, at least, she resolved to go down and see if she could find her father. So she opened the door again and passed out into the entry. She listened here a moment, and hearing nothing, she descended the stairs. This brought her to the hall of the second floor, and when she came to pass around to find the other stairs which led down to the lower hall, she could not find them. She found a stout door which she knew must be at the head of the stairs, but it was closed and locked.

What could this mean? Was she a prisoner? The thought came to her with a whelming force, and she leaned up against the partition as a sense of faintness came over her. Perhaps the door was locked accidentally. It might be stuck in some way. Surely her father would not have left her thus on purpose. With such vague hopes she knocked upon the door until her knuckles were sore, and then she plied her foot. As the reverberations of her repeated blows sounded through the house she stopped her clamor a few moments to listen—but no answer came to her summons. Ere long she plied her foot again, and this time she added her voice. She called out with all her might, and ere many moments she heard a slip-shod, shuffling step upon the stairs. In a few moments more Belinda plainly heard the snapping of a lock, and when the door was opened the same old woman who had given her entrance to the house made her appearance.

"What's all this racket here?" she asked, coming into the hall and closing the door behind her.

"Where is my father?" asked Belinda, shrinking away from the hag.

"Who's yer father?"

"The man who came here with me."

"Oho. Well—he's gone. Yer see bianess called 'im off, an' he bid me keep ye till he coom back. So rest asy, an' doant be makin' ahy more noise."

"Gone!" gasped the poor girl, turning pale, and clasping her hands to her temples. "Gone and left me here! Then let me go. Let me go, good woman. I shall reach home in safety."

"No, no," returned the old woman, with a grim, threatening look. "You are safe enough here; an' more'n that, your father said you'd stop here till he coom for ye. So ye'll jest stop. Now make yerself asy."

"No, no, let me go! let me go!" cried Belinda, starting towards the door.

"Ye can't, I tell ye."

"But I will!" persisted the terror-stricken girl. Fear lent her strength, and with a recklessness of consequence she pushed the hag away and tried to open the door.

She had got the door half-open, when she felt a strong grip upon her arm, and heard the shrill voice of the beldam in her ear:

"Ye'll make mitey powerful work now tryin' to coom wid yer strength over old Jiley. Coom back oot of that, an' go to yer room!"

Belinda struggled with all her might, but the hag seemed to possess the strength of an ogress, for she drew the fair girl back, and held her there. Our heroine felt the sharp nails in her flesh, and the pain gave her one more resolve. With all her might she threw the woman from her, and then leaped to the door. With a quick movement she threw it open, and had passed half through, when she was caught again. This time the ogress seized her with both hands and drew her back; then she laid out all her strength, and with one effort of her long, bony arms she hurled the struggling girl across the hall. Belinda's head came in contact with the wall, and beneath the effects of the blow she sank senseless upon the floor.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRIG-OF-WAR.

Rôlin Lincoln found the ship he had in charge to be a good sailer, and she obeyed her sails and helm readily. In heading his true course for the bay he was obliged to brace sharp up on the larboard tack, but the ship sailed well on the wind, and ere long it was evident that the sloop-of-war was being left farther and farther out of the way, and by two o'clock in the afternoon the eastern horizon was clear. As soon as matters were attended to on deck the young commander hunted up the ship's papers, and found a list of all the articles on board. There were provisions—beef, pork, and bread; ammunition, consisting of powder, bullets, round shot, grape and canister, of various sizes; and some small arms. The whole was represented as being in charge of Sir William Howe, so Rolin knew that general must be in one of the vessels astern.

The men were delighted beyond measure when they knew what a valuable prize they had taken, and their hearts beat with a strong hope that this was but the beginning of a glorious career.

That night the wind changed to the eastward, and the schooner and her prize kept on all sail. The next day at noon Cape Cod was upon the larboard beam, and the privateer had just got in far enough to lay on her course direct for Plymouth, when a sail was discovered to the northward and westward, in the direction of Boston. The wind was now northeast, and in the course of half an hour the strange sail was made out to be a brig coming down with the wind on her beam. Rolin had discovered this, and one of his men was sent aloft with a glass. He went to the main-topgallant crosstrees, and ere long he returned to the deck and reported that it was a brig-of-war, and of course an Englishman. Our hero's first movement was, to run under the schooner's quarter, and hail Matthew.

"Schooner ahoy!" he shouted, as he saw the old man standing by the quarter-rail.

"Ay, ay," was the captain's response.

"That's an English brig," continued Rolin—"a war-brig; and she must overhaul us. Eight men can take the ship into Plymouth, and the rest of us had better come back to the schooner."

"You will run her into port," said Matthew.

"No, sir. I must return, for I shall be wanted with you. Any eight of my men here can run her in, for the course is now direct, and not over three hours run. Shall I select eight at once, and come to you with the rest?"

Matthew Clyne conferred a moment with his men, and then bade Rolin do as he thought best.

"That's the talk," said Rolin, turning to his men. "Now, boys, we have but a few moments to spare. That brig is coming down fast, for you see she has the wind on her quarter now. I want twelve of you to follow me on board the schooner to meet that fellow, while the rest of you run the ship into Plymouth harbor. Now step forward those who wish to go with me."

And the whole twenty men stepped forward at once.

"Well, my noble companions," said Rolin, with a beaming smile, "I had expected this, and so have thought of an expedient."

As he spoke, he took his pocket-knife and cut some six inches from a piece of tarred rope which hung over the rail of the stern boat. From this he selected twenty yarns, and in eight of them he made a single knot. Then he took the bunch in his hands, and bade his men arrange themselves.

"Now, boys," he said, "here are twenty yarns, and eight of them knotted in the middle. Those who draw the knotted yarns will remain on board the ship."

He commenced with the man at the wheel, and then went around to the rest. The eight men who held the knotted yarns were disappointed, but they made no objections, though they could not repress a few murmurs of regret that they should have to run away with a ship while their brave fellows were having a hand-to-hand conflict with their enemy.

"Send your boat!" shouted Rolin, hailing the ship again.

While Matthew was getting his boat off, Rolin attended to the directions for the crew he was to leave behind. He bade them select their own commander, which they did at once, and with only one dissenting vote, which came from the candidate himself, and which of course was not counted.

Ere long the boat came, and Rolin, with his twelve followers, jumped in. Then the ship laid her yards, square-set her studding-sails on both sides—and bore away for Plymouth, her captors feeling sure that with regard to her all was safe.

By the time the youth and his men had reached the schooner's deck, the brig was within two miles, and coming down fast; but Ransom, who was aloft with a glass, reported that he could not see any preparations on her deck for a fight.

"Never mind," said Matthew, "she'll fight fast enough when she discovers who's got the schooner, so we'll be ready before hand. Sam, set your gunners at work. Where's the cook?"

"Here, sir," answered a man whose turn it was to act as cook for the then present week.

"Are those shot in the fire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then see that a good fire is kept up, for we want the shot red—ay, white heat if you can. By Jupiter, we mustn't run the risk of that fellow's guns if we can help it; but we'll board him if we must. I rather guess we can show 'em a pretty good game of hand-to-hand work."

"In course we can," returned Sam Doolittle.

And in his opinion all the crew were agreed.

The Englishman was now made out to be an eighteen gun brig, carrying medium eighteen pounders. Of course, it would be hardly politic for the privateer to venture in the way of a broadside from such a battery, as she could only present three guns upon a side, and twelve pounders at that. Yet she had one advantage. Her brass guns were longer than those of the brig, and would command a longer range. It was also evident that with the wind abaft the beam, the brig was the best sailer.

Ere long the brig's mainsail was clewed up, and in a few moments more Ransom called out from aloft, that the enemy was preparing for action.

"He smells the rat," said Matthew.

"Ay," returned Rolin, "and he probably thinks of catching it."

"We'll see," was the remark of Sam, as he called for some of his crew to help him run back one of the guns. Then turning to Matthew, he added:

"I ken send a shot pooty nigh on to her deck now, cap'n."

"You may try it."

Sam had his gun—he chose the after one on the starboard side—charged with powder, and having put in a solid wad of oakum saturated with salt, he next drove home a circular piece of board prepared for the purpose. Next he elevated his gun, and then put in a round shot. He took a cold one this time, for he wanted to try the force of the charge, and ascertain the eleva-

Jester's Picnic.

, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred
r a precarious subsistence to working
one, called at the house of a blunt
ette farmer, and, in the usual language
s, asked for "cold victuals and old

appear to be a stout, hearty-looking
i the farmer, "what do you do for a

not much," replied the fellow, "ex-
ling about from one place to another."
ling about, ha?" rejoined the farmer;
ravel pretty well?"
," returned the sturdy beggar, "I am
el at that."
then," said the farmer, coolly opening
"let's see you travel!"

ost instance of absence of mind hap-
to Sydney Smith, in forgetting his
He says:
ked at a door in London, and asked,
. at home?' 'Yes, sir; pray, what
I say?' I looked in the man's face
—what name? what name?—say, that
otion; what is my name? I believe
thought me mad; but it is literally
during the space of two or three min-
no more idea of who I was than if I
existed. I did not know whether I
enter or a Layman. I felt as dull as
and Hopkins. At last, to my great
ashed across me that I was Sydney

achel owns quite a pretty country
the valley of Montmorency, to which
iven the funny name of *My Health*.
occasionally to strange misconcep-
ing asked one day, "How is your
ademoiselle?" "Tolerable," she an-
but the hard wind the other day blew
weather-vane." Her interlocutor, of
not understand her, and looked much

is now going the rounds, addressed by
ckslayer, in the following terms:
the receipt of this, do me the favor
Montmorency three-hundred well-burnt
ted for the repair of *my health*."

ladelphia Sun, which has a rare eye
bits," gives the following as a warn-
on of what a reporter once did when
and equipped according to law, with
his hat, snake in his boot, and a shot
:
day morning, at 4 o'clock, P. M., a
named Jones, or Brown, or Smith,
in the hole of his trowsers, commit-
by swallowing a dose of suicide.
t of the inquest returned a jury that
d came to the facts in accordance
ath. He leaves a child and six small
ument the end of his untimely loss.
o are in the midst of life."

llaber tells the following outrageous

ng to day with a son of a gun, re-
the gunning exploits, he told me of a
stance of a gun hanging fire; which,
for his well-known veracity, I should
d to doubt. He had snapped his gun
squirrel and the cap had exploded,
ce not going off, he took it from his
looked down in the barrel, and saw
just starting, when bringing it to his
ace more, it went off and killed the

Smith says:
a clergyman who went jogging along
l he came to a turnpike.
is to pay?'
ir! for what?' asked the turnpike-

for my horse, to be sure.'
horse, sir!—what horse? Here is no

rse! God bless me," said he, sud-
ng down between his legs, 'I thought
rseback!'

ach boys meeting in Paris, one ex-
s other:
appiness, Alfred! I have just heard
s has been speculating in the Bourse,
t all his money! Clearly, he will not
end me to school next year. What
, eh!"

A PROBLEM.

f kisses were a penny each
And words a great a score,
How few every twenty words,
And twenty in an hour—
Visit the fair one twice a week,
And stay from eight to one,
Twould take how long, at such a rate,
To spend a hundred pounds?

iber writes to a Western editor, "I
your little paper any longer." To
ditor replied:
n't make it any longer, if you did;
ength suits me very well."

'is going out, Miss Filkins."
it, Mr. Green, and if you would act
would follow its example."
ecessary to add that Green never ask-
with that girl again.

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tion necessary to his purpose. When all was ready, the schooner was luffed a little, and the match applied. The range was perfect, but the shot passed over the brig and struck in the water some hundred yards beyond her.

In a moment more the brig put up her helm and fired a broadside. Her shot fell short, all of them, but it was not from lack of force, for they plowed up the water in a manner rather too savage for spent balls.

"By the kingdom!" muttered Matthew, as he saw this "if those fellows elevate their guns a little more, and aim as well as that again, they'll run the risk of hurting something. Get your hot shot off as soon as possible, Sam."

Just as the captain spoke, Sam had rammed home the screen of wood, and in a moment more the cook came up with the hot shot. It was white with heat, and being quickly dropped in, the wad was instantly driven home upon it to hold it, and then the gun was elevated several degrees higher than before.

"Now port your helm," cried Sam; as he caught the match, and settled his eye for the sight.

All watched the gunner with anxiety, for they knew that much depended upon his skill. Something must be done to keep the brig's broadside silent if possible.

At length the moment came. Sam could see that his gun covered the brig's foremast. He applied the match and sprang back. All eyes were turned towards the brig, but the shot was not seen to fall.

"In with another," cried Matthew.

But even before this order was given, Sam had commenced to reload. He had this time prepared all three of his guns upon the starboard side, and intended to discharge them in succession. The after one was elevated first, and the hot shot put in; but just as he gave the order to port the helm, a wreath of smoke was noticed to curl up from the brig's deck.

"She's afire!" shouted Ransom from aloft.

"Let's slide!" cried Matthew.

"Stand by with another shot," said Sam to the cook; and in a moment more he fired.

No sooner had the after gun belched forth its load of iron, than the cook dropped a shot into the next gun, and in less than half a minute that too was discharged. Sam waited not for a long gaze. He only assured himself that his elevation was right, and then he leaped to the forward gun. The shot was in, white with heat, and the match was applied.

"The two last ones hit her," shouted Ransom, "and her men are all in confusion."

Both Matthew and Rolin sprang upon the quarter rail, and they could see that the brig was on fire. Her courses and jib were off, and the men could be seen in the chains drawing water with all their might. Matthew turned to Rolin.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, "we must rake that fellow. "Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do so at once. Mr. Doolittle, load all your guns with double-headed shot. We are going to rake."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Sam, as he sprang to obey the order.

Rolin at once assumed the duties of sailing master, and he was not long in proving himself thoroughly acquainted with his profession. The schooner was very quickly brought into a position under the brig's fore-foot, and her broadside given; and as soon as this was done, Rolin immediately put his vessel about, tacking instead of wearing, and was soon ready for another broadside, without having yet exposed himself to the brig's guns.

In the meantime the fire was raging on board the enemy, but ere long 'twas evident that they were beginning to subdue it, though even yet they appeared to have no men to spare for anything else. But the fire was not now their only misfortune. At the first broadside from the schooner her forward stays had been nearly all shot away, and at the second her fore-topsail yard was carried away. This of course parted the fore-topgallant sheets, so that that sail was also rendered useless. In a few moments after this the brig lumbered around with her head to the wind, but her commander had the presence of mind to discharge a broadside as he came around, though without damage, however, for every shot passed ahead of its mark. Here was another opportunity for raking, and our heroes took advantage of it, and in less than ten minutes they had discharged two broadsides through the brig's stern—the first taking the starboard main shrouds, and the second carrying away the rudder. This last event was the most decisive, for the brig now lay perfectly helpless, and the privateer had everything her own way.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "we can do as we please. If we had found it necessary to run that brig by the board in order to prevent her from getting our prize back, of course we would have done it; but there's no need of that now. I suppose that fellow has over a hundred men, and 'twould be of no use to board her now, for she aren't hardly worth the risk we'd have to run. What say ye now?"

"I think we've shown 'em what we're made of," added Rolin, "and that's enough. Our metal isn't quite heavy enough for a close encounter. I think we'd better follow our prize now, for the getting away from that fellow as we have is more than most people would believe as capable of."

It was soon agreed that the schooner should be at once headed for Plymouth, and it was accordingly so done. The crew of the brig had by this time succeeded in putting out the fire, and the last that our privateersmen saw of her she was laying with her head in the wind, while her men were probably engaged in repairing damages.

In due time both the privateer and her prize arrived in Plymouth harbor, and there were shouts of joy and gladness arising on all hands. Most of the arms and ammunition were put into heavy wagons, and were conveyed to Washington's camp by the way of Bridgewater, Canton, Milton, and so on to Cambridge; and at the same time a pressing request was sent to the commander-in chief, that a commission might be given to Matthew Clyne and his crew. None such had yet been issued, but the subject was already in the hands of the members of Congress. Washington's warmest thanks were returned, together with the promise that the commission should be given as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNPLEASANT RECOGNITION.

ROLIN LINCOLN'S first object, after having seen the ship and her cargo disposed of, was to make inquiries after Belinda, and to this he was not able to devote much time until some two weeks had passed away, for he had had much to attend to. The cargo of the prize much of it had been sold to merchants around Plymouth, and the ship itself was sold to a company from Salem for eight thousand pounds. The prisoners had been confined in the old jail, but on the fourth night of their confinement they broke out and made their escape. They were followed as far as Cohasset, but here they had seized upon a large boat, having first destroyed two others which were near by, and thus they made good their escape. Of course the news of the capture of the store-ship spread rapidly, and caused intense excitement in all quarters. The patriots were now more anxious than even that commissions should be at once given to all who would venture into the naval service, while the tories made loud wailings concerning the piratical tendency of the rebels. These latter were horrified at the atrocious crime, and promised all their aid and interest in bringing the offenders to justice.

It was some time ere Rolin could learn anything definite of Belinda, but at length, about three weeks after his arrival in port, he met the captain of a coaster, who informed him that he had seen Belinda Clyne only a week before walking in the street, in Boston, with Major Fitzgerald. Rolin made himself sure that the man was not mistaken, and then he resolved to go to Boston once more, and this time find the maiden at all hazards. He knew now that the major had lied to him before, but he meant to take some other means now besides applying to the officer.

Matthew Clyne would have dissuaded the youth from going to Boston again, for he knew there was much danger.

"Speak not of danger," said Rolin. "With such an object before me, danger is but one of the necessary obstacles. Were there no danger, why, then any child might go. I tell you, Matthew Clyne, I know she would come to us if she could, and if such is the case, shall I remain here and let her live on in suffering, just because there happens to be danger in the way? When you gave me that noble girl to love, did I not swear to love and protect her always? Ay, Matthew, I did; and now I'll do it."

"Noble boy," cried the old man, grasping the youth by the hand. "God bless you for your goodness. I did not mean that you should sacrifice much to such fear, but—but—"

"But you fancied that I was going to do this for you?" suggested Rolin, as the captain hesitated.

"Yes, Rolin, you are right. I did not at first stop to realize how much you had at stake. I rather felt as though 'twere my duty to go on this mission. But if you will go—then go—and may God protect you."

"I shall disguise myself," said Rolin. "I shall not venture myself in Boston without being pretty thoroughly covered up. I'll sail under false colors once."

"If you find her," murmured the old man, "tell her to come to me if she can. Tell her how—how sad I have been."

"I'll tell her, and I know 'twill affect her; but I know she is already anxious to come home to you."

"Ah," returned Matthew, "she has another father now, and this can no more be her home."

"Why may it not be?" quickly cried Rolin. "If she will come with me, my home will be her home, and your home shall be our home."

The old man again caught the youth by the hand, smiling gratefully through his tears as he did so.

"God grant that you may succeed!" he said.

"Of course, you will not sail until I return?"

"No. I am in hopes to have a commission before I sail again."

On the following day Rolin Lincoln was ready to set out. He was habited in a suit of plain citizen's clothes, and from an old man in Plymouth who had once been a play-actor, he had obtained a red wig, with a pair of stout whiskers to match. The hair was carefully powdered and curled, and it altered his appearance so much that even Matthew Clyne hardly knew him at first sight. In this guise he set out on foot. He reached the peninsula of Hull towards the middle of the afternoon, and there he found a boatman who agreed to carry him up to Boston for a crown. He was stopped twice on his way up by the British. He gave his name as *John Thomas*, and said he was coming to Boston to get away from the rebels. He was allowed to pass on, and about four o'clock he landed at Long Wharf, paid the boatman, took his small portmanteau, and made his way up into the town. He was anxious concerning Belinda, but he dared not go at once to Major Fitzgerald's house, for he knew that he should thus run a dangerous risk of having his power to help the maiden unconsciously taken from him. He concluded that his safest course would be, to find some trustworthy person to work for him—some one who would be willing to help him—who would go to the major's, and who would have wit enough to his work without "showing his hand."

In order to carry out this design, the youth determined to seek help from the only man in Boston with whom he was acquainted, and whom he knew he could trust. That man was the patriot agent, of whom we have before spoken, and who kept a store on Hanover Street. So thitherward Rolin bent his steps. He entered Hanover Street from Queen Street, and having proceeded down as far as Wing's Lane, he came to a shop, upon the sign of which appeared—"GEORGE SLIPTON, *Groceries and other Goods.*" But the door was locked. The youth looked about some moments, but he could see no signs of any one in the store. He knew not where Slipton lived, so he looked about for some place to inquire. Directly around the corner, in Wing's Lane, was a tap-room, or tippling shop, and into this Rolin took his way, assured that he should find some one there who could give him the desired information.

When our hero entered the room he was at first almost choked by tobacco smoke, but he soon managed to accommodate his lungs and his eyes to the place. He found himself in a moderate-sized apartment, one side of which was occupied by a sort of bar, behind which were arranged some dozen casks of liquor, while in front were four round pine tables, and a lot of small wooden benches. Upon each table was a box of tobacco, made stationary, and on the present occasion some fifteen or twenty men were collected around the tables smoking, drinking and discussing various topics.

Rolin looked around upon the motley crowd, and among them he noticed several British soldiers, and, he thought, two or three sailors. The rest of the company seemed to be composed of artizans and common people—all in good fellowship so far as outward appearance was concerned, though the youth thought he could detect some meaning glances given the soldiers which did not betray the best feeling.

"Can any one inform me where Mr. Slipton can be found?" he asked, not finding any one behind the bar. But just as he spoke a man entered from a back room, and assumed the publican's place. He was an elderly man, and evidently a Scotchman.

"What is it, man?" he asked, simply hearing the last part of Rolin's question.

"I asked if any one could tell me where Mr. Slipton could be found?" explained our hero.

By this time all eyes were turned upon the new-comer.

"Din' ye find 'im in his shop?"

"No, sir, his door is locked."

"Then I dinna ken at all where's he gang."

"Can you tell me where he lives?" asked Rolin.

"O," returned the host, "ye're not acquaint wi' 'um. He lives i' the rooms over his shop. He may be gang awa the while. Wait a bit, an' tak' a stoop o' sumthin' warm, an' he may coom back."

Rolin knew of no better place to go to, and as this was close by the place where he wished most to stop, he concluded to wait until Slipton made his appearance. So he called for a cup of wine, and was just upon the point of sitting down, when one of the men who had been regarding him very closely since he came in, and who was habited in the garb of a sailor, arose and stepped towards him.

"Look'e, stranger, haven't we met somewhere before?" the man asked, coming close up and looking him sharply in the face.

"Why—really—" uttered Rolin, taken somewhat by surprise, "I know not that I ever saw you before."

The fellow exchanged significant glances with the companions whom he had left, and then turned to Rolin again.

"I'm sure we've met before," he persisted. "You'll pardon me, but I do love to overhaul old mates. He'n't you been to sea?"

"I used to follow the sea once," replied Rolin, at a loss to understand what the fellow was after, though he thought this might be a man who had once sailed with him.

"How long since you've sailed?" pursued he.

"May I ask what this all means?" returned our hero, showing his dislike to being thus questioned.

"Why—only I want to know where we've met before, that's all."

"Well—I don't think we ever did meet before, so let it rest at that."

"But you'll allow one to hunt up an old friend, wont ye?"

"You may hunt up as many as you please, so you don't try your search upon me any more."

The fellow did not wince at all at this, but he looked at his companions again with a very peculiar look, as much as to say, "Now watch him," and then he turned once more to Rolin, and in a tone full of peculiar meaning, he said:

"Look'e, sir—wa'n't ye ever aboard the store-ship Dunstable?"

In an instant Rolin recognized the fellow as one of the prisoners who had escaped from Plymouth, and who had been taken on board the privateer's first prize. In the excitement of the moment the youth forgot everything that could favor him. He forgot his disguise, and that he might, by baldly denying all knowledge of any such ship, have escaped. But even that was too late now, for his very startled manner had betrayed him, and before he could speak the fellow made a dexterous movement, and pulled the red wig from his head. The whiskers came with it, and there were at once revealed the brown curls, and full, noble features of the privateer!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FANCY DOGS.

A traveller in South America, who accompanied a number of Jumna Indians on a tapir hunt, says, besides the hunters, their party was composed of most of the women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. "These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were yellow, others blue, and some mottled with a variety of tints! What can it mean? The dogs are dyed! It is the custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coat of their dogs, with brilliant colors obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huitoc, the yellow roron, and the blue of the white indigo. The light gray, often white hair of these animals favors the staining process; and the effect produced pleases the eye of the savage masters. On my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned these curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, and orange, and purple dogs."—*Boston Transcript.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. W. S. G. ON THE DEATH OF THEIR TWO LITTLE BOYS.

BY REPO.

Dead! the mother's rent heart crieth—
Dead! the father's voice repleteth,
Fondest hopes are dead!
Yes, your darling ones are sleeping
Where the mourning willow, weeping,
Shades their narrow bed.

Tears are fountains, ebbing, flowing,
With the throbbing and the throwing,
Joy or grief imparts;
Let them flow thus without staking,
They will ease the dreadful aching
Of your breaking hearts.

But for your lost ones be not weeping,
They are happy, sweetly sleeping
On the Saviour's breast;
Nor earth's weary waking morrows,
Nor its ills, its cares or sorrows,
Shall disturb their rest.

Be, O be not thus dejected,
Let not God's will be rejected,
Yield not to despair;
But so live that when your heeping
Harvest is full ripe for reaping,
Ye may meet them there.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALL FOR HER PICTURE.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

MISS BETSEY BRUNO was reported to be a rich West India lady, who had come over the sea with her funds to enjoy life in one of our interior New England cities. There wasn't anybody who didn't look up to her, if for no other reason than because she was rich. In a mighty deal of state she had installed herself at length, and sat, as a queen on her throne, ready to receive the homage of all who might be disposed to consider themselves her subjects.

There was a portrait painter in the same town; a poor, young man, who was modestly seeking to find his way to fame and fortune by the deft handling of his brush. Until Miss Betsey Bruno came to town with her wealth, it was an astonishing thing how he managed to make shift for a decent living; but after that notable event, it was not quite so perplexing a circumstance. For from her at once radiated a new influence upon the people of our pretty inland city, awakening them in some degree to a sense of beauty both in nature and art. Furthermore, she declared that young Mr. Shellac was a very promising painter, and promised that some day he should be put in receipt of an order from herself.

Mr. Shellac began to look up a little, as the good people began to look in. He had more washing done each week, and was known to use more polish on his hitherto somewhat russety boots. He refurbished his tin sign, and got a scrub to give his front window a few fresh dabs with a wet cloth. His hat was stuck upon his head with a jauntier air, as if he should say to the world—"I feel better about it."

Agreeably to her compact with herself, Miss Bruno did dress herself for a professional call one afternoon, enveloping her abundant figure in the most glittering silks that her wardrobe could supply. She regarded herself complacently in her long mirror, and then set out for the little studio of Mr. Shellac, the painter. She accosted him with a highly patronizing air, asked the price of his best portraits, spoke of her long desire to extend to him her personal encouragement, received a scrape from the young artist for her compliment, and then took a seat in the chair which he had drawn up for her.

Not to dwell on the trifling preliminaries at all, let it be said simply that Miss Bruno from that moment forward became a regular sitter for the professional services of Mr. Shellac, till her portrait should be completed in all its outlines.

Well, and the picture *was* finished at last. The artist had bestowed on it all its finishing strokes and touches. The last tints of carmine and blue had been skilfully laid on. It was set in its frame. It was rigged with huge blue cord and tassel. It was bound about with a new piece of cotton cloth, to protect it alike from the dust and the gaze of spectators as he carried it home through the streets.

Mr. Shellac got it home, panting and puffing, and unwound the cotton cloth bandage in the presence of Miss Bruno's own self. He stepped back a few paces, having set the picture up on a couple of chairs, and waited to hear what she would have to say about it.

"Good Heavens!" was her very first cry. "O, good Heavens alive!"

Mr. Shellac turned alternately pale and red, and looked alternately at her and the picture. But being a rather modest young man, he offered to say not a word.

"What a nose!" she exclaimed, still surveying the painting. "*What* a nose! And such a *mouth*, too! I declare, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name, you absolutely *insult* me!"

"I declare, madam," he began expostulating.

"Not a word, sir! Of course you intended to insult me, or you would never have brought me such a picture as that! Take it away, sir! I wont have such a thing in my sight! Away with it, sir!" and she gestured excitedly with both open hands, jewelry and all.

Now it so chanced that the nose of the offensive portrait was nothing more than a slightly turned up nose, and the mouth was in fault by reason of having the upper lip a trifle too brief for beauty, it-wise; but it also chanced, too, that Miss Bruno's nose was an elevated one, and her upper lip a little too short for the protection of the whole of her mouth. And the artist was innocent enough to suppose that he must copy nature only, and by the means had maddened a good customer, and perhaps driven himself out of town forever. That was the trouble with the picture. It was too accurate a copy!

Protest on his part was in vain. So he thought best to close up the business at once, which he did by demanding payment for services rendered. She looked at him with her indignation visibly increased. "Payment!" she screamed; "for what?"

"For my simple labor, madam; and for the expense I have been at for you. Twenty-five dollars is all I require of you."

"Do you think I am a fool!" said Miss Bruno, waving her hand fiercely at him. "Do you think I shall pay for what I don't want?—for what doesn't suit me—for what I wont have? Must a person pay for what he doesn't take? Away with you, sir! I'll not talk with you!"

"Well," replied the chagrined artist, "then I must sell the picture, that's all. *I* can't afford to lose it, I'm sure."

He accordingly took up the portrait from the chairs, and, having shouldered it, proceeded to make his exit from the apartment. Miss Bruno let him go without a word, though she did wonder within herself who would be fool enough to throw away money on such a specimen of art as that. And, at the same time, she felt an odd sort of fear lest her likeness might be set up on exhibition in some shop window, or adorn the walls of some newspaper agency, or cheap print shop, with its never-to-be-forgotten nose and mouth. But she would not relent sufficiently to call back the painter, or even to have any more words with him.

Mr. Shellac was hardly malicious and mean enough to put his unprofitable picture on public exhibition in the windows; and perhaps that good trait in his character was exactly what brought him a speedy customer. For Mr. Dan Gore, who was a decided bachelor of many years, and who likewise was in the habit of dropping in at the artist's studio and chatting leisurely on this thing and that, happened to make his appearance just in time to get the very first version of the story. And it happened, moreover, as things always *are* happening in our changeful human affairs, that Mr. Gore was enamored of—not exactly her beauty, but the shining wealth of Miss Bruno, and had on more occasions than one proposed very modestly for her hand! and of course, too, all in vain.

Therefore he snapped at once, on hearing of Mr. Shellac's determination to sell the unfortunate picture, and asked him, eagerly, "what he would take for it?"

"One hundred dollars," said Mr. Shellac.

"Rather a tall figure for it, isn't it?"

"A little on that order. I'd like to paint them all the year round at ten dollars apiece."

"Then why do you ask so much?"

"Because I'm determined to be paid for the insult of this shrivelled specimen of humanity."

Mr. Gore counted out the money, and extended it to him. "There! the picture's mine!" said he, with an air of triumph, as if, not being able to possess the actuality, her portrait—no matter how very unfaithful it might be—was the next best thing.

Mr. Shellac looked inquiringly at his customer, saw he was in earnest, took the proffered price, and the bargain was consummated. And under the friendly cover of night, the ardent lover took away his painted prize, cautioning the artist to keep the secret of its history from every living man. The picture was to be hung in his own bed-chamber, where he could look into its eyes the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. It was worth a hundred dollars, if for nothing more than that.

But by-and-by, Miss Bruno began to think better of it all. Possibly she saw she had laid herself open to the power of a young man of whose character she knew nothing, and trembled. At any rate, whatever happened, she stepped into Mr. Shellac's studio again, one pleasant afternoon, and quite surprised him with her chaaged manner. She inquired what he had done with the picture.

"Sold it," he told her.

The awful consequence now flashed upon her. "*Sold it!* To whom?"

"To Mr. Dan Gore," he blandly answered.

Her face was whiter and blanker than the wall.

It was a long conversation that she held with the artist; but when she left him, he had made her a promise, though not until she had given him twenty dollars to do so, that he would go and see Mr. Gore, and try and buy it back again. Miss Bruno was overwhelmed with mortification.

So Mr. Shellac did try to purchase back the picture from Mr. Gore, offering different sums for it, until he had reached the mark of a hundred dollars. But he wouldn't let it go for a thousand, and boldly and defiantly said so, and told the artist to tell Miss Bruno so, too.

Miss Bruno stormed, cried, and fell back upon implorations. She had never heard anything like it, in all the born days of her life! It was a shame—a burning shame! It was a gross insult to a defenceless woman! No one was ever so treated before—she knew they were not!

And then she fell foul of Mr. Gore, tearing his pretensions all to tatters and rags. In the height of the storm, Mr. Shellac took occasion to slip quietly out the door, feeling quite certain that his own turn was coming next. Miss Bruno was left alone. And for an hour she busied herself in growing awfully mad, and getting gradually over it.

She did get over it, as everybody afterwards came to know; for, finding that Mr. Gore was steadfast still in his attachment to her portrait, refusing utterly to part with it on any and all terms proposed, she grew firmer in the faith that he was as devoted a suitor as any woman could wish to have; and finally compromised the matter by sending for him to come and see her! And Mr. Gore next sent for the minister! And a hasty wedding was made up; and a pleasant tour taken; and cake was sent round everywhere; and a new honeymoon began.

And all, because Mr. Gore would not sell her picture, on any terms. If she couldn't have *that* back again, there was one thing she could do—she could take the owner of it, and so obtain picture and all!

And Mr. Shellac found himself one hundred and twenty dollars in pocket by the performance, besides a long list of generous orders that came in for several years afterward from the now happy Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gore!

[Written for The Flag of our U

THERE'S REST FOR ALL IN

BY FINLEY JOHNSON

Should sombre clouds of sorrow
And shadows o'er us fling;
And hopes that once have taken
Die in their early spring;
Should every joy and bliss of life
Fade like the hues of even;
We still have this sweet solace left
There's rest for all in heaven.

If life's pathway should seem to
A dull and broken track,
And all our deep and holy love
By grief be driven back;
If we are like the wearied dove,
O'er cheerless ocean driven,
O, let us raise our eyes above,—
There's rest for all in heaven.

Should sickness pale the rosy she
And dim the radiant eye,
And every pulse that faintly thro
Tell of a time to die;
O, then indeed unto the world
Our thoughts should not be gi
For we must never forget the tru
There's rest for all in heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our U

THE TRAPP

BY HARRY HARWOOD

OLD Stephen Cooper was a trap
sometimes in the employment of
Fur Company, but often for years,
three or four parties in hunting,
trading "on his own hook." He
time that I first became acquaint
about fifty years of age, and had
talneer for thirty. He had, like
his class, been so long in the cam
not endure, for more than a few we
the tedium of civilized life.

Once in every two or three year
spent a short time at Westport and
on the Missouri River, and as long
spending freely his money, enjoyin
the fashion of the mountaineers, a
to his own wild home and stirring
life. In his thirty years' experience
he had passed through many dar
capol, sometimes not without v
snares set for him by his Indian f

Some of his adventures, which
me, as we sat by the camp-fire, on
of Missouri, may be worth prese
are doubtless true, and exhibit th
life led by these men, at that day,
of our government had not so wi
straint upon the savages as at pres
for a white man to be found a
tribes, was certain death, unles
could make good his escape.

A TRIP IN.

"In the spring of 1830, as I h
more'n three years, I thought I'd
the settlements, and see how mat
see a feller likes to get among t
in a while, if it's just to see th
and be reminded that his mouth
them dirty squaws. A man gits
at nothing but great hairy-faced
redskin women, and it kinder st
and makes him feel more human
in sometimes and see the pretty
"Well, as I was saying, I det
to the settlements; so with Ab
John Bosworth, and Dick Pow
As we had to pass through the
Blackfeet, and Sioux, after learni
ing post on the Missouri, we kn
have to be cautious like and ru
but that we were used to, and d
the only thing that we cared for,
got among any bands of the
hunting or on the war path (fo
Injuns are always at war amon
we'd have to give up hunting
live as we could; for the crack
bring 'em down on us, like a lot
rion. But it was some time
cuts started down the river for
determined to come through any
up a dog apiece, with sich little
thought we mought need, we stru
"We travled four or five days
with any signs of mockisun tra
plenty of game, enjoying ourse
all at once one afternoon, about
on raising the top of a ridge som
what should we see just below
lodge of Blackfeet. We dod
thought we'd hide till night, an
selves from them pests; but 'tw
tawny redskin jest then got a si
with such yells as only Injuns ca
on them were after us, some on
on horseback. It were no use
them, so we just dashed down t
and covered ourselves with a
growing there, and let them com
"Now a Musquake is rathe
coming nigh a thicket when t
trapper is there with a loaded r
as you can keep under cover,
that you have one or two loads
them, they will not likely mak
try to bring you to terms, with
while destroy is all the time in
they will starve you out. Well
first came charging up a little
thought for, and they hoped, to
off all our pieces at once; but
carry off three or four with sh
through them, they got our
rather shy. Night come at last.
We knowed that the imps were
us, but we knowed it wouldn't
so we had to run the gauntlet
mought p'raps get through wi
ing it, but we had hardly s
stumbled on some of them; a
hays a pretty running fight
know, never saw the light ag

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THERE'S REST FOR ALL IN HEAVEN.

BY TIXLEY JOHNSON.

Should sombre clouds of sorrow rise,
And shadows o'er us fling;
And hopes that once have taken root,
Die in their early spring;
Should every joy and bliss of life
Fade like the hues of even;
We still have this sweet solace left;
There's rest for all in heaven.

If life's pathway should seem to us
A dull and beaten track,
And all our deep and holy love
By grief be driven back;
If we are like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
O, let us raise our eyes above,—
There's rest for all in heaven.

Should sickness pale the rosy cheek,
And dim the radiant eye,
And every pulse that faintly throbs,
Tell of a time to die;
O, then indeed unto the world
Our thoughts should not be given;
For we must ne'er forget the truth,
There's rest for all in heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TRAPPER.

BY HARRY HARWOOD.

Old Stephen Cooper was a trapper, who was sometimes in the employment of the American Fur Company, but often for years, engaged with three or four partners in hunting, trapping, and trading "on his own hook." He was, at the time that I first became acquainted with him, about fifty years of age, and had been a mountaineer for thirty. He had, like most others of his class, been so long in the camp, that he could not endure, for more than a few weeks at a time, the tedium of civilized life.

Once in every two or three years he came in, spent a short time at Westport and Independence on the Missouri River, and as long in St. Louis; spending freely his money, enjoying himself after the fashion of the mountaineers, and then be off to his own wild home and stirring, adventurous life. In his thirty years' experience of savage life, he had passed through many dangers, and escaped, sometimes not without wounds, many snares set for him by his Indian foes.

Some of his adventures, which he related to me, as we sat by the camp-fire, on the frontiers of Missouri, may be worth preserving, as they are doubtless true, and exhibit the nature of the life led by these men, at that day, when the fear of our government had not so wholesome a restraint upon the savages as at present; and when for a white man to be found alone, by many tribes, was certain death, unless, indeed, he could make good his escape.

A TRIP IN.

"In the spring of 1830, as I had been out for more'n three years, I thought I'd just come in to the settlements, and see how matters did. You see a feller likes to get among the whites once in a while, if it's just to see the women like, and be reminded that his mother wasn't like them dirty squaws. A man gits tired a looking at nothing but great hairy-faced men, and ugly redskin women, and it kinder straitens him up, and makes him feel more human like, to come in sometimes and see the pretty ones.

"Well, as I was saying, I determined to come to the settlements; so with Ab Merrill, and Old John Bosworth, and Dick Powers, I started. As we had to pass through the grounds of the Blackfeet, and Sioux, after leaving the last trading post on the Missouri, we know'd that we'd have to be cautious like and run some risks; but that we were used to, and didn't mind, and the only thing that we cared for, was, that if we got among any bands of the redskins, either hunting or on the war-path (for the mountain Injuns are always at war among themselves), we'd have to give up hunting for a time, and live as we could; for the crack of a rifle would bring 'em down on us, like a lot of crows on carrion. But as it were some time before the dug-outs started down the river for St. Louis, we determined to come through the prairie, so packing up a dog apiece, with sich little things as we thought we mought need, we struck out for home.

"We travled four or five days without meeting with any signs of mockisun tracks, and killing plenty of game, enjoying ourselves fine; when all at once one afternoon, about an hour by sun, on raising the top of a ridge near the Big Platte, what should we see just below us, but a whole lodge of Blackfeet. We dodged back, and thought we'd hide till night, and then move ourselves from them parts; but 'twas no go, for a tawny redskin jest then got a sight on us, and with such yells as only Injuns can give, the whole on them were after us, some on foot and some on horseback. It were no use to try to leave them, so we jest dashed down towards the river, and covered ourselves with a bunch of willers growing there, and let them come on.

"Now a Musquake is rather ticklish about coming nigh a thicket when he knows that a trapper is there with a loaded rifle, and as long as you can keep under cover, and they know that you have one or two loads always ready for them, they will not likely make a charge, but try to bring you to terms, with signs of peace, while devilitry is all the time in their hearts, or they will starve you out. Well, these fellows at first came charging up a little closer than they thought for, and they hoped, too, to get us to let off all our pieces at once; but after having to carry off three or four with slugs of cold lead through them, they got our range, and kept rather shy. Night come at last, and it was dark. We knowed that the imps were outlying around us, but we knowed it wouldn't do so stay there; so we had to run the gauntlet, hoping that we mought p'raps get through without their knowing it, but we had hardly started before we stumbled on some of them; and then didn't we have a pretty running fight! Some on them I know, never saw the light agin, while their arrows, and the bullets from a few old barrels which they had managed to pick up somewhere, whizzed round us like a sprinkle of hail-stones.

"It was after we had been knocking away at each other for some time, and we had dropped most of the red rascals astern, that poor Dick Powers got an arrow right through his body, and could go no further. Well, we stopped with him and fought like white bears, for some time, and his blood wasn't unavenged. But as the Injuns kept coming up, and would soon overpower us, Dick begged us to leave him, and take care of ourselves; and seeing he must die anyhow, we done so.

"Poor Dick, he was never like the other mountain men; somehow he never got so coarse and rough as they did, and he had considerable larning. 'Twas said that he got into some scrape in the settlements and come out to the prairies till it died away. 'Twas something not very bad I'll warrant, for Dick had a heart in the right place. That night, before we left him, he took from round his neck a little gold case, with the picter of a beautiful young woman in it, and told me to give it to young Roubaoux and he would give it to the right one. I done so. Ah! poor girl, I reckon she lay awake many a night, crying for Dick, while his bones bleached on the prairies, and his scalp hung in the wigwam of a bloody Blackfoot.

"The next morning as soon as it began to get light, we hid; we had that night taken to the water and thrown the redskins off our trail. For three days did we have to lay hid and travil in the night, and as we knowed that the tawny Injuns were still outlying near us, we dared not hunt. We had lost all the provisions we had, in the fight of the first night, and three days is a long time for men to starve, and travil too. The boys got sick, and on the fourth day they swore they'd go no further without food, and hunt they would, that day, Injuns or no Injuns. I persuaded them at last, that as I were the strongest, and best up to Injun devilties, that I should hunt, and they lie hid, as it was useless for all to go into danger; and if I didn't get back by sundown, they might know that the Blackfeet had my scalp, and shift for themselves. I started out soon and tramped for hours without any chance for a shot. I seed some deer, but couldn't get nigh them.

"I couldn't tell you if I were to try all night, what I suffered that day. I were so weak that I were hardly able to crawl along, and my stomach were gnawing, as if it were trying to dijist itself; and then I would think of all the good things I had ever eat; I thought of the boys back there, hid away, and waiting and longing for me, and I couldn't get nigh anything, till I set down and cried; and then I was ashamed of myself, and got up and staggered on. In the afternoon I had got back some two or three miles from where the boys were, I seed a fine young buck walk out from some bushes into a little clear spot and commence feeding. It were a long shot, at best, and now I were weak and my eye was kinder dim; but then if I tried to get nearer, he mought get wind of me, and leave. It was the last chance; I examined my priming and flint, and took a long and close bead behind the shoulders, jist where the white hairs showed themselves under the belly, and pulled the trigger. He jumped twice, then stopped and walked a few steps and lay down.

"I tell you, I had strength enough then to shout till every hollow round rung again. I rushed my gun, and walked up to the game, deliberately took out my knife, cut out a piece of the ham, and eat it raw; and I tell you I never had so sweet a meal afore nor since. I had been hungry afore then, and have been since; I have eat many a raw meal, but I never fasted four days at a time and traviled, but that once, and I never tasted a piece of venison afore or since, that were as sweet as that. I were careful not to eat too much, and were just skinning him to take all I could to the boys—I intended to come back that night for the rest—when I heard a stick crack just behind me. Turning my head round, what should I see but half a dozen Injuns, one on them had stepped up on a log when I first seed him, and was stretching up looking for me. My gun were lying by me, and right easy I brought her up, and just as his eye caught sight on me, I pulled. He sprang up like a struck deer, and fell his full length down the log. The arrows whistled round me, I reckon, as I slid through the tall grass. It were well for me that I had just got something to eat, for it had sort a strengthened me, and the thought of dying gave me fresh nerve and I sprang to it, and they after me. I kept in the tall grass, so they couldn't see well where I was, and would have to run slower, so I gained on them. I made towards the river, and when I got in among the trees, I got time to load my gun. I wouldn't been afraid of them, but I knowed there were more close about, and didn't know what minute I should come plump among some of them; so I thought I'd play a hide and seek game with them. Then I thought of the boys, starving, and I determined if I got back to them at all, I'd not go without something for them to eat. I led my red hunters about a mile or two down the river, till I come to where a small creek put into it. There I got into the river as if to swim, and then waded along up stream to the mouth of the creek, then up this about two hundred yards; when I crawled among the high grass and hid. I had hardly got close, when I heard my friends coming in full chase. They passed on, and then I took the back track for my deer. I knowed it wouldn't be long afore they'd find out my track; but I hoped to get such a start on them, that I could reach camp, and as it would be night by that time, we'd stand a chance to give them the slip in the dark. I got to my buck—for the Injuns had been too keen after me, to notice it—took as much as I could carry, and made tracks for the camp. I had to keep a sharp lookout, for every redskin about had heard my rifle and knowed the game were up.

"'Twas dark when I got in, and I found the boys pretty well done for; they had given me up, and were going to start out in the morning for something to eat, if they had to go into an Injun camp to get it. We had been four days without anything but buds of bushes, and were nearly gone. Well, we had one glorious feast that night. The boys couldn't wait to cook, they eat raw all that I would let them have, and then we gathered some dry sticks, and made a blaze, and over this we cooked venison, stuck on sharp sticks, and eat it with more relish than most of your delicate folks ever eat any of their luxuries. It takes a trip on the plains to give one an appetite. Why, I have known men who could hardly straddle a horse when they started, spend a year with the trappers, and come in with an appetite like a half starved wolf, and as fat as old Mason's porkers.

"That night we started out with fresh courage, and for two days and nights we were in constant danger; then we reached the Sioux ground, where the Blackfeet were afraid to come, and as the Sioux were not knowing to our presence, we could get along without so much caution in hunting. At length we reached a lodge of the Pawnee Loups, on the Big Platte, and were safe; for they were, and always have been, if not imposed upon, and abused by them, friendly to the whites. Here we rested for a few days, and had a grand buffalo hunt; and that buffalo hunt like to have been the last of one Steve Cooper.

"We had started one of the largest herds that I ever saw, and were hovering on the skirts, singling out the fattest and best, and killing them. It was rare sport; and although I have been so long in the mountains, I can never keep cool in buffalo chase. There is not danger enough to keep one on his guard, and nerve him to steadiness, while it's quite another thing to still hunting deer or elk.

"Well, I were taking a full hand in the sport, and my blood were up to fever heat, when an old bull came tearing along by me, like mad. It struck me that he had a glorious robe, worth the taking; so I let dive at him, and when the lead struck him, instead of yielding, he just turned to one side, and made a plunge at me, as if he thought he'd have company to 'tother world. I were riding a little Injun pony not much larger than a good sized dog, but well trained; and when the buffalo made his lunge, the pony jumped sideways, and as I were not expecting anything of the kind, he jumped from under me. As I fell, I caught him round the neck, and then we had it; the bull would plunge at me, and the pony would jump to one side out of his way, and I expecting every moment that my hold would break, and I knowed that I were gone. I tell you I had been in a good many scrapes in my life, and been so close to death that I could almost see his scythe; but the idea of being trampled and horned to death by a buffalo bull warn't at all pleasant. I wanted to pray; now it's a fact, boys, but Lord I hadn't prayed since I was a baby at home, with my mother, and I didn't know how to pray. There was one prayer my mother learned me, that I happened to recollect, and I said it in double quick time.

"'"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"By the time I had said my prayer, Ab Merrill had come to my assistance, and I was saved. I tell you, boys, I have thought of that prayer a good many times since, and of how thoughtless and wicked we are, never to think of that great Being we all believe made us, never speak of him, except when we swear, until we get into danger, and then we go to praying to him for help. I have thought of these things since then, as I lay in my camp in the mountains, and remembered my old home in the States, and my good mother, who is one of the angels now, till I thought I could see her, looking out of one of the bright stars at me; and sometimes I have felt her hand laid on my head as she used to do at home of nights, after we had all gone to bed but her; and then I would think of her words to say, 'God bless my boy!' and I have prayed since then many times. You think the wild life of a trapper is one but little better than the savage, but I tell you there are too many hours when he is by himself, and all around him so many grand and sollom things, not to make him think. And his path is so full of dangers, and he don't know what minute he must die, that he naturally thinks of that other world. And though most of us are wicked, we are many times sorry, and we hope He knows us, and will forgive."

Old Steve sat silent, and his countenance worked as though his mind was dwelling on images of the past, and when at length he aroused himself, it was to say:

"Come, boys, it is time to turn in, you will want to sleep in the morning."

We did not ask for a continuance of his narrative of the "trip in;" we knew that he had reached St. Louis in safety, and had spent many years since in his pursuit, and were satisfied.

A NIGHT OUT OF CAMP.

In the spring of 1836, I was induced to try the effect of a summer on the plains, on my health, which had been for some years, such as to cause my friends to fear a rapid decline. Accordingly early in the spring, in company with a party of traders, bound for the posts of the American Fur Company, on the head-waters of the Missouri and the Yellow-Stone Rivers, I started properly equipped for a summer's tramp. We had a pleasant time, barring the annoyances which are inseparable to such a jaunt. Nothing more exciting or adventurous than buffalo hunting, with an occasional chase of a wild horse, occurred during the long months which we spent in visiting the different posts, until we reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in July.

After some inquiry I learned the whereabouts of my old friend, Stephen Cooper, and determined to visit him. I employed one of the trappers as a guide, and started out one beautiful summer's morning. We had nearly one hundred miles to go, through mountain gorges, and across foaming mountain torrents, before reaching our destination, and as we travelled on foot, it took us four days to accomplish the distance. The wild, yet enchanting scenery through which we passed, amply repaid us for the toil of travel, and for the first time, I fully realised the truth of old Steve's remark, that however thoughtless and rude the trapper might be, when among his fellows, that it was not likely that in the solitude of those mountain passes, and the loneliness of his life as a hunter and trapper, he should not think much and seriously.

We reached Cooper's shanty about sundown on the fourth day. It was merely a hut built of poles, and covered with birch bark. Within was a couple of bunks, or sleeping places, with the usual complement of blankets, two or three stools, and a very few cooking utensils. Here Cooper was now staying with a companion—for the trappers usually hunt in pairs, and keep some distance apart, that they may not trespass on each other's grounds. Neither of the occupants were in, when we arrived, but we made ourselves at home, and as we had not eaten much during the day, took the liberty of looking into the state of the larder. We found plenty of dried buffalo meat and tongues, which answered the hunter in the place of bread, and a finely cooked beaver tail, and just as we had commenced to satisfy ourselves of the excellent quality of our repast, the host himself made his appearance. He insisted on our delaying operations until he could make some coffee, as an addition to the meal. To this we consented, and soon were satisfied that it needed but little more that the rifle might supply, to constitute a repast fitted for the palate of an epicure.

I had noticed, nailed to the but over the entrance, the foot of a huge white or grizly bear, and thought it quite likely that there might be an adventure connected with the history of its capture. So after supper, when we had lit our pipes, and were enjoying the fragrant weed as only the woodsman can, I called Steve's attention to the foot, and asked for the history of its death.

"Well, you see, it was one day last April, I had been out looking after my traps, and had made a pretty fair day's work among the varments, and was returning with my skins nigh on to night, when I seed down in a little flat some antelope feeding, and I thought I'd take part of one home with me; so I crawled along till I got to a good place, and then I got their attention by hoisting my red handkerchief on my ramrod. They played shy for a while, but came nigher and nigher, as they got more curious, until they got within range, when I picked out the fattest looking one, and put a bullet in his flank ranging well forward. He only jumped a few times, and fell. I took as much as I wanted to carry with my skins, and started home. It was pretty nigh night, and the clouds, which had been gathering for some time, thickened up; the wind whirled round all at once to the northwest, and it began to snow; at first, in great flakes rather slowly, but it got thicker and thicker till I couldn't see ten feet afore me. The wind came tearing down through the hollows, as if a fiend had got hold of the bellows. It roared and whistled, and drove the snow in great edging clouds afore it, so that I was blinded, and got bewildered, and had to stop right then, because I couldn't tell whether I was going to camp or not. I set down on a rock and thought I'd wait till the flurry was over. I hadn't set there long when what should come in sight, about twelve or fifteen steps off, but one of the biggest bears that I ever seed. He were an ugly customer to meet, at any time, even when you got sight on him time enough to make a running fight of it, or to climb a tree, and then give him battle from the limbs; but to meet him where there were no chance but a single shot, and if that missed, all was over, I tell you it makes a fellow feel chilly to think of it.

"Whether he'd had no supper, and smelling my meat were coming to help himself, or had been caught out, and were making tracks for camp for shelter, I don't know; but there he were, and now he'd not be likely to rest satisfied with the antelope and beaver tails, or to go on his way in a peaceable manner. He raised himself on his hind feet, when he first seed me, as if he wanted to reconnoitre, and then with a growl, that sorter stopped the blood in my veins, he dropped down and made towards me. As he did so, I tossed him the meat, and stepped back as fast as I could—I knowed it wouldn't do to turn and run—hoping he'd stop to eat the meat, and give me a chance for a sure aim. But when he come to it, he merely smelt at it, and it were evident that he were not going to be satisfied with that, my knife in the sheath, determined to die game. The beast were within five feet of the muzzle of the gun, when I pulled trigger. I don't know how long it were, afore I knowed anything more; but when I come too, I were covered up with snow, and almost smothered, and something like the limb of a tree were on my breast. It were the arm of the bear. I tried to get up, but a pain like you'd run a knife in, shot through my side, and I sunk down again. However after a good many trials, I got up. There lay the varment with a hole you might a ran your thumb into, in his forehead, but for all that, he had knocked me down as he fell, and had, in his dying struggle, crushed three of my ribs, and about used me up, for I haven't got over it yet.

"It were still storming. The snow falling and driving as I have not often seen it even in these hills. It was getting colder too, and I knowed that if I were still long at a time, that I would stiffen up, and be sure to freeze to death. I felt sore all over, and it were as much as I could do to move; but it had to be done if it did hurt: I could not venture until it left off snowing, to start to the camp, so I commenced walking round till I beat down a path; then I would sit down a while and rest, and then walk, or rather drag myself round my path. I thought I must die before morning, for the cold increased every hour. I shot off my rifle several times, hoping Ab would hear me, and if he couldn't venture out in such a storm, that he would answer my fire, and I should have something to guide me. But the wind howled so through the passes that the sound didn't reach fifty yards, and I give up that hope. It were the longest night I ever spent, and at last, tired out, I sat down on the bear, and thought I'd risk all, and freeze if I must.

"I had not sat long afore I began to feel sleepy, but I knowed that if I went to sleep I would never wake again, and O, how I struggled to keep awake! But it was gradually creeping over me, and I was sinking down to sleep and die, when day broke and the snow slackened. I roused up, and tried to get up, but I couldn't do it, for my feet and legs had neither feeling or strength in them. Then I shouted in terrible agony till I were hoarse. I heard a shout in reply, and a gun. My own gun were empty and I couldn't load it; but the shouting kept coming nigher and nigher. It were Ab hunting for me and I were safe.

"He rubbed my feet and legs with snow till the y felt like ten thousand needles were sticking in them, and then as if they were in the fire, then put on dry socks and moccasins, and wrapped them in furs he had brought with him, and after a while he got me up, and we waded to camp.

"It were a long time afore I got out again, and now my legs and feet are covered with a skin, that were not on them when I were born, and I reckon I shall remember that night out of camp, as long as I live."

I remained with Cooper a few weeks, visiting with him his traps, having rare sport among the antelope, and occasionally knocking over a black bear, and then returned to the post; from whence I returned in the fall to the settlements, on a small steamer in the employment of the company.

Poor Cooper, it was the last time I ever saw him. He visited St. Louis once afterwards but I did not meet with him. In 1838 he was killed. I learned his fate from an agent of the company.

He had spent the winter as usual, in trapping in company with his old comrade, Ab Merrill, and in the summer came in to the posts. While here, in some manner he became involved in a difficulty with one of the trappers. A quarrel among these men was no uncommon thing, but Cooper had generally avoided difficulty, for he was no ordinary man among his class. But at this time he had a quarrel forced upon him, and old as he was, and although his antagonist was a young man, Cooper gave him a sound drubbing. A few days after, while in a buffalo chase, he was shot through the heart. Some thought it was accidental, but among most of his companions, there was no doubt entertained that he came to his death at the hand of his former antagonist.

Among these men, living without the pale of civilized society and the restraints of law, the *lex talionis* has been adopted, and like the savages with whom so much of their time is spent, the hunting companion, and friend, constitutes himself the avenger of his murdered comrade. Thus, in the present instance, Merrill found occasion to fix a quarrel on the murderer, and then wiped out the debt due him by the laws of blood, as the best friend of Cooper, with his knife.

I have noted down many incidents in the history of this adventurous man, which proved interesting to me in the narrating, and which I may at some future time give to the public.

ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.

Edwin was one day looking at a large building erecting opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up brick and mortar and placed them in their proper order.

"Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with bricklayers; pray what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?" said his father.

"No," said Edwin, smiling; "but I have been thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your life will be made up of one little moment after another. Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn not to be discouraged by great labors. The greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick on another."

WOULDN'T CONTEND.

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkably cool, calm nonresistant, and addressed him thus:

"That piece of fence over there is mine and you shan't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F., "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No, it's mine, and I will keep it."

"Well," said Mr. F., "suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

"I wont leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Well," continued Mr. F., "shall we leave it to any four men in the village, that you shall select?"

"No, I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, Mr. F. said,

"Well, neighbor, then I shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong, whether to you or me."

Struck dumb by the appeal, the wrathy man turned away saying:

"I wont have anything to do with a man that wont contend for his own rights."—*Dissertre.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOUNTAIN OAK.

BY J. MANLY.

Upon the mountain-top it stood,
"As born to rule the storm;"
It braved the tempest-shock and stood,
Nor bowed its mighty form;
Age after age had passed away,
And nations rose—declined,—
Yet 'twas as but a single day
To the grand oak, ivy-twined.

The woodman lived and died beneath
Its shade;—here he was born,
He lived;—here the chill hand of death
Fell on his age-bent form.
Thus centuries rolled on;—the oak
Still crowned the mountain's brow;
So calmly still, and nought awoke
The slumbering echoes now.

The scene has changed;—all lowly lies
The noble forest-king;
And now we hear, with mute surprise,
The glittering axe's ring.
But climb with me the mountain-height,
And view the landscape wide;
Behold below a city's site
The river-bank beside.

'Tis the march of civilization,—
The progress of our rising nation;—
But see approach the son of toil,
The rightful owner of the soil.

* * * * * *

Swift sailing o'er the heaving sea,
A noble ship glides merrily.
See here the oak in another form—
The oak that was of the mountain born;
'Tis a gallant bride of the wave,
The home of the free and the brave.

Then hurrah for the oak and the ship so free,
The mighty monarchs of the land and sea!
And never may the skimmer of the wave
Become the noble-hearted sailor's grave!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HELEN WORTHINGTON:

—OR,—

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I MAINTAIN," said my lively friend, Helen Maywood, "that family government is not by any means the difficult work you make it out to be."

"Did I say it was difficult, Helen?" I asked.

"Why, no—not exactly, I believe; but something very like it."

"I said that there are thousands upon thousands of women, and many among our own acquaintance, who have never yet discovered the proper method of family government."

"I don't see the reason, I am sure. Just look at Mrs. Archmann, and Mrs. Grey, and I don't know how many others—who ever saw better regulated families than theirs? Such perfectly well-behaved children, and such models of servants, and everything about their large households going on with such perfect order and harmony!"

"And so you think it the easiest thing in the world for Mrs. Archmann and Mrs. Grey, and the others, to keep an excellently regulated household?"

"You needn't laugh, Mary. You must acknowledge that it is easy to them."

"They are certainly models to be studied. That is all I can say."

My friend Helen has been married five years, and I have scarcely seen her, for she has lived at the West. Returning to reside near us, however, I went one afternoon, some two weeks ago, to see her. It was more than two months after her return. A domestic, in rags and curl-papers, ushered me into the parlor, where Helen, reading a novel, was ensconced in a rocking chair, and a morning wrapper.

"Well, Mary, this is delightful!" she exclaimed, laying down her book, and rising, with a smile, to salute me. "You have come to pass the afternoon?—that's right. Now just let me untie your bonnet, do; and take off your shawl," suiting the action to the words, "and sit down here with me. It is just an age since I saw you last! You mustn't mind my dress, Mary," she said, as we took our seats, to enjoy a friendly chat together, "you mustn't mind my dress; I had a slight headache this morning, and hardly cared how I looked, and after it began to leave me, I got interested in that delightful book, 'The English Orphans,' and then, you know, it was just an impossibility to throw it aside. Then after dinner, for which I was obliged to leave it, I took it up again."

"And I have made you put it down again," I said, laughingly interrupting her. "Really, I think I shall run home directly."

"No, no, not for the world!" she said, holding both my hands, as I half rose. "I don't mean you shall do any such thing. Hear what I was going to say. I was thinking, just before you came in, that I really ought to be mending some of Harry's collars, which are sadly in want of buttons, and his wristbands, too, and not be sitting here with a novel; but I could not leave the book, it was so attractive. Thus, you see, you have been of actual benefit to me in coming. Have you brought your sewing?"

"Yes, you know how old-fashioned I am," I replied, laughing. "I like to keep my hands busy."

"That is good. Now I will run and get my collars, and we will talk and work too."

In five minutes she came back, in a different dress, with her work-basket in her hand, and sat down by me.

"How is the little one?" I asked, alluding to her pretty four-year-old boy, whom I did not see anywhere about.

Helen laughed. "Well, I scarcely know, but I suppose he is out in the back garden somewhere. He was so troublesome and noisy that I could not have him in the room with me, and sent him out, about an hour since, to find amusement by himself. Between my headache and the uproar he made, I have been almost distracted. He is so unruly, I can't govern him at all, half the time. Ah, Mary," and she sighed, "you don't know anything about the care that children give—anything whatever!"

"But they are a great comfort and pleasure in a house, also," I returned; "and little Harry must be so much company for you, when his father is away."

"Yes, he is; but then if I am not attending to him and his wants continually, he does nothing but fret. Sometimes I do get *so* tired and worn out!"

The work-basket engrossed her attention now to such an extent, that she forgot all about Harry. Thread, silk, edging, lace, etc., tangled together in sad confusion.

"O, dear, what a sight all this is!" she exclaimed, in a tone of distress; "do look, Mary; it has been just so for weeks, and I haven't had the courage to attempt to put it in anything like order."

"It is not such a dreadful affair, Helen; an hour's work would arrange it, I should think. Make a business of it, at once, and you will find that it don't take a great deal of courage."

At that moment, the door-bell rang, and the girl came up stairs to see what was wanted. A package of dry goods had been sent to Helen, according to order. The girl brought them in.

"Katharine," said Helen, impatiently, "do not go to the door in that dress again. You look like a fright. Your hair not combed, either! How many times have I told you to change your gown as soon as the morning's work was done up? Positively, I will discharge you, if you are not more tidy. "I don't know," she added, when Katharine had gone, "what people will think! but certainly, *I* think that I have the greatest slatterns for servants! And I can't make her do differently, try as hard as I may. She disobeys me as coolly as can be; and that is the way with them all. Really, I have no more command—no more government, over my own servants, than if they belonged to somebody else."

"Poor, unfortunate Helen!" I laughed; "was ever any one so distressed? I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

"Ah, you may make sport of it, Mary," she returned, shaking her head, yet, despite herself, laughing, too, "but just wait till your turn comes, missy!"

"Which will not be in a hurry!" I said, quietly; "but what have you here, Helen? Dickens, 'The Step-Mother'—that is good. Have you read it?" and her thoughts were turned into a more favorable channel.

An interesting discussion was commenced, concerning books, authors, and so on, which lasted for at least an hour; and a very pleasant hour it was. But it had hardly expired, when a tremendous stamping was heard in the hall, and into the parlor rushed little Harry, his face smeared with mud, his clothes torn and soiled, and his little boots leaving their tracks at every step.

"Mama!" he shouted, tossing away his cap; "mama, I want some bread and butter!" And then, seeing me, he stood still, rather ashamed.

"O, dear," sighed Helen, rather despairingly, "there again! You naughty boy," administering a slight shaking to the child, "how dare you come into the parlor with those dusty shoes? and *such* a looking character, too! What do you suppose Mary will think of you? Go directly out of the room."

"I want some bread and butter!" he repeated, standing and pushing a spool of cotton along the carpet with his foot, without minding her.

"Then ask Jane for it. And don't you come in here again till she has put some clean clothes on you, and washed your face and hands. You have been digging in the garden again, and I expressly forbade your doing so. Why didn't you mind me?"

"You told me to go out in the garden and play, and of course it's playing, to dig," he said, with a most firmly convinced air.

Helen could not help laughing, as she turned to me. Harry saw it, and his merry bright eyes sparkled. Helen spoke to him again, assuming a sober face.

"Now, Harry, go and tell Jane to wash you, and give you your bread and butter."

"No, you come, mama!"

"I shall do no such thing, Harry. What do I hire Jane for, but to take a little trouble off my hands. I do—"

"Well, I do give her all the trouble I can," interrupted the young gentleman; "but she don't seem to mind it, lately. She says she's got used to it; so it's no fun. Come—you must come!"

"Did ever anybody see such a child?" Helen appealed fretfully to me. "Well, it's of no use. I can't make that child mind, Mary, any more than if he were a stick of wood."

Which assertion, of course, Harry heard, as doubtless he had heard fifty times before, and remembered to act upon the suggestion they presented. He gained his point, by persevering where Helen weakly yielded, owning, to his very face, her want of government over him. She went with him, and attended to his wants, and then came back again, with lament over the tyranny of boys in general, and hers in particular. I said nothing.

Presently, Harry came in once more, and I called him to my side. I had not seen him much, during three years, until now that I had come to live in Helen's new neighborhood, and he was somewhat shy; but we got on good terms before long. As soon, however, as I began to converse with his mother again, Master Harry climbed up to the table, with his feet on the seat of one of the best chairs.

"Mama, may I look at this?" he asked, holding up an elegant little annual.

"No, indeed; put it down directly," she answered.

"But I wont hurt it, mama—only just let me look at the pictures!" he pleaded.

"Anything, for the sake of peace. Yes, do take it, and let me be quiet; I am almost distracted," said Helen. "What were you saying, Mary?"

And so, "for the sake of peace," Harry was allowed to do as he pleased, and the book was soiled in a few moments, with his greasy fingers, and one of the exquisite illustrations torn half way across, for which the young man was sent away up stairs, to stay alone till supper-time, with the promise of a severe chastisement before he went to bed.

When he was out of the way, Helen seemed to be once again in a state of content. "He surely can't get into mischief up there," she said; "and I shall let him come down in a little while."

Our conversation was resumed, and continued till an hour later, when the tea-bell rang. Helen's husband was not to return home until evening; so we sat down at the table alone. Harry was permitted to join us, on condition of good behaviour.

"His father likes to have him eat with us, always," said Helen; "it seems so much better than to put him at a table by himself;" and she helped Harry to seat himself in his high chair.

"I want some cake, mama," he said, directly, in a tone of modest assurance.

"Then wait," she said, quietly, her cheek flushing a little. At that moment, fortunately, a favorite kitten came purring about his chair, and attracted his attention.

"Harry," said Helen, presently, "where is your eating-apron? you will soil the one you have on, and it was put on only an hour ago. Why did not Jane put on the other before you came to the table?"

"Because I wouldn't let her, mama," was the matter-of-course answer. "I'm getting too big to wear aprons. I'm three feet three in my boots; papa said so." And the young hopeful leisurely made way with the biscuit on his plate.

I came near laughing outright at his lofty air, and Helen, passing a napkin over her lips, studied her tea-cup very closely.

"I'm not going to sit in a high chair after I get to be a man, either," he continued. "Mama, pass the biscuit, please."

She did so. "Be careful, Harry," she warned again, "not to soil your clean apron. You are very careless with that butter. If you do so, I shall certainly send you away from the table."

He made no answer, for he did not hear her. He was intent on something else. Drawing the preserves towards him, he helped himself, and spattered the front of his apron with crimson stains.

"Now, you naughty boy, get directly down from the table," said Helen.

"No, mama, I don't want to;" and he continued his supper.

Helen rang the bell, and the girl appeared.

"Take Harry away, and carry him up stairs," said Helen.

But Harry knew better than to believe he was to lose his supper. "I wont go with you!" he cried, as the girl approached, in order to remove him.

"You must go, Harry," said his mother, firmly. "I will be obeyed."

But Harry struggled and screamed so violently, that Helen, with a sigh of despair, exclaimed: "There, let him be; you can do nothing with him. Harry, be a good boy, now, or you shall certainly be punished when your father comes."

Of which promise, as a matter of course, the child knew just how much to believe. He had triumphed over his mother's feeble authority, and, as is generally the case with children, enjoyed the satisfaction of the present moment, without troubling himself about what was in store for him. Every fresh victory of his, in this way, only made him more confident in his own power, and less mindful of his mother's commands. He was, plainly, fast learning to despise and set at naught her weak government. He evidently believed as little in the promised punishment as I did, for I clearly saw that he would evade it.

He behaved as he pleased, during the remainder of the repast, and though Helen and I had been friends from childhood, and she "didn't mind me," yet I knew she was vexed and ashamed that I should be obliged to behold all this.

After tea, we went to walk in the garden, while Harry remained in the house, with his playthings. Helen was her old self, as we found ourselves talking once more of our school-days; happy, animated, and young as ever. Then the conversation turned to her after-life.

"How have you found it, Helen?" I asked, without alluding to *that* debate which we had held six years before, on the subject of family government.

"O, pleasant enough, yet hard enough, too, Mary," she answered; "but servants are the greatest torment! I never can manage mine, somehow. They rule me pretty much as they please, and I am obliged to submit, for good domestics are not found for the seeking, every day. I am no more fitted to keep house than a child, Mary, and there is the end of it!" and her tone was a mingling of sorrow and vexation. "I can't make things go on exactly as they should. The house is scarcely ever in really good order, and often, if I want anything done, I am obliged to do it for myself, although I am sure Katharine and Jane could do it better. And then Harry—he's a darling, Mary; and so *old*—you can't think. We are laughing half the time, husband and I, at some of his odd speeches. But he is so unruly! such wild spirits! and I do believe he rules us all. But there it is—I can't help it;" and she sighed. "I am no more fitted to govern a family than a mere baby."

I was near laughing, as I remembered her former opinions; and some merry allusion to Mrs. Archmann and Mrs. Grey rose to my lips. But I checked it. For all our old acquaintance, I could not take it upon myself to tell Helen where I thought the fault seemed to lie. How could I tell her that she was lacking in firmness, in strength of purpose, in that mild, gentle, yet firm authority, which she so much needed? If she knew that she was ever so much right on her side, and could understand that she should give her commands in a reasonable way, she never had the courage and steadiness to enforce them; and her domestics, seeing through her nature completely, were perfectly reckless of her authority—though, to tell the truth, she might have had better ones. As for Harry, he was master of the house. He had been petted and indulged to a terrible extent, during his babyhood, because he was the first and only child; and now he had outgrown his mother's control. Poor Helen! I could not but pity her. Especially, when we were summoned to the house in haste, by a dreadful scream from Master Harry, and found that in climbing the banisters, he had fallen headlong down the staircase, and lay kicking and crying in the hall below. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and no remarkable injury sustained; and we had hardly arrived at the "scene of action," as the reporters say, when Jane, the girl who had been hired to take care of the child, very leisurely walked out from the parlor, with an open book in her hand, wanting to know what "was to pay now?"

"Go up stairs, Jane!" said Helen, in a tone of quiet firmness which I was surprised to hear her use. "But give me that book, first."

The girl had endeavored to hide it, on seeing her mistress, and now, with a very red face, produced it, and walked away.

Helen, with a *look*, handed it silently to me. It was the very novel, "The English Orphans," which she had herself been perusing that afternoon, and which Jane had quietly possessed herself of, as soon as Helen was out of sight, leaving the children, who were *not* orphans, to take care of themselves.

"This is getting beyond everything!" said my friend, impatiently. "I will either make that girl know her place, and do her duties, or discharge her at once."

"The very thing you ought to do," I said. "My dear Helen, why have you never tried it before? Why not try it with—*yourself?*"

She has tried it, since. This afternoon, I went in there again. Helen says "she has been thinking." I do not doubt it in the least. The domestic who attended the door, was neatness itself. Harry was learning his a-b-abs, at his mother's side. Jane was sewing busily in the sitting-room, and I thought, after a most agreeable and quiet call, that Helen was beginning to find out something about family government.

FASHIONS AND FURS.

The rage for furs was never greater, perhaps, than the present season promises. For a number of years the trade has gradually increased in extent and importance, till furs seem to have become an almost indispensable article of ladies' apparel. The style has changed since the last season by the widening of the "victorine" into a cape, so that, in many cases, it is substituted for cloaks and shawls. Tailors ingeniously contrive so to vary their styles, particularly as to the length of skirts and waists, as to compel an observance of their whims. In like manner, furriers create a demand for new patterns, by rendering the former ones antique and distasteful, and many who, a year since, provided themselves with costly furs, now find themselves altogether out of fashion, and under the necessity of further outlay and the aid of the furrier. The mink-sable, or American mink, has suddenly become very popular, from its resemblance to the Russian sable, and will be the fur most worn this winter. Though costing not more than one-third as much as the real sable, its appearance often gives it a preference. The skin, commonly known as the Russian sable, is really the Hudson Bay sable, and which sell for $300 to $500 a cape,—choice, as high as $800. The genuine Russian sable is very seldom seen in the United States, and a set—muff, cape, and cuffs—costs $1400 to $2000. The stone martin, from Germany and Greece—the latter being the best—is still much worn, in large capes, and is among the handsomest furs. Good sets are to be had at from $30 to $100; extra, 125. Ermine costs $400 to $500 the set. The oppossum (mountain martin) is the staple for medium priced furs, particularly for the country trade, and black fox, silver fox, squirrel, etc., are cheaper still. The prices of all kinds of furs are slightly in advance of last year. The mink is very much in advance, and the manner of making up all descriptions still further enhances their cost.—*Boston Transcript.*

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE HOG.

The Working Farmer states that the value of the hog crop this year in the United States, will fall little short of two hundred millions of dollars, or $50,000,000 more than the cotton crop. Mr. P. L. Simmonds, in the Transactions of the Highland Society, gives some interesting statistics of the number of swine raised in various countries, as nearly as can be ascertained. In the United States there are believed to be about 40,000,000, or more than in all the states of Europe combined. In Great Britain the number is estimated at 2,000,000, of which Ireland has a large proportion, and Scotland scarcely 200,000. Austria has about 5,500,000 swine, and Austrian Italy 250,000. France has from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000. Russia has immense numbers of wild hogs; but they are merely skin and bone, valuable principally for their bristles. These bristles, although their consumption has greatly diminished in England and the United States, are still necessary for shoemakers and saddlers; and probably from 500 to 1000 tons of bristles reach England through Prussia and other neutral countries. It is estimated that nearly 96,000,000 pounds of lard are made in the United States, of which 20,000,000 pounds are made in Cincinnati. England and Cuba each take annually 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 pounds of American lard.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

SUBURBAN LIFE.

There is still another aspect in which this living in one place and doing business in another should be viewed. What is the effect and influence on a family? A business man rises early, hurries down his breakfast, and hurries away to the cars, in order to reach his place of business seasonably. Through the day he is constantly occupied, often failing to take time even to eat a hasty meal at an eating house, and so continues until night, when he closes his books and store, and hurries away to the cars bound homeward. It is evening before he sees his family; it may be that even the younger ones are already in bed; at all events, but an hour or two can be spent in the bosom of his family, when rest must be sought, in order to be prepared for the next day's labor and hurry. And so it is from Monday morning to Saturday, the month—the year through, giving occasion to many a wife and children to complain—"We never see father except on Sundays, and then he is too tired to be pleasant." Now what must be the effect of this estrangement of the head of the family from his household? Only the future can fully reveal; but observation and common sense must teach every man that it is full of hazard.—*Boston Traveller.*

Punch says, when the baby show has come off, why not follow it up with a show of donkeys? for, of course, "the affectionate parents" accompany "the interesting offspring!"

A RARE CHANCE!

WHO WILL WIN THESE PRIZES?

Being resolved to keep THE FLAG OF OUR UNION where it has ever been for the last *ten years*, in the van of literary weekly newspapers, not only in point of circulation, but in real intrinsic excellence, the proprietor has resolved to offer the following inducement to post-masters, and other energetic individuals, of either sex, to send us clubs for the year commencing January, 1856.

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are offered in good faith, and shall be awarded with strict honesty and impartiality. The intrinsic value of these prizes is over

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so arranged as to be divided among the persons who shall forward to us the ten largest clubs for THE FLAG OF OUR UNION between the 1st of December, 1855, and the 1st day of February, 1856, being a period of about sixty days. The field is open to all, the prizes are elegant and attractive.

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IS AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

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It is now the most popular literary weekly paper in America, a reputation which it has enjoyed for *ten years!* circulating at the present time more than any other miscellaneous weekly journal in the country, with the exception of *Ballou's Pictorial.*

It is devoted to polite literature, and it embraces

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR, AND NOVELLETTES,

written expressly for the paper by the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the time, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an intelligent and instructive companion. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

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and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

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for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new, clear and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

We shall commence the new volume of The Flag of our Union on January 1st with a brilliant and admirably written original novellette by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANIFORD. Mr. Staniford has just returned, after five years residence in the Orient, and this exceedingly interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novellettes which we are constantly publishing in the Flag. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion, that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of our paper the productions of many new sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

THE PRIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

To the person who shall send us the *first* largest club, we will present a beautiful new SILVER TEA SET. Tea urn, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, slop dish and silver salver, being five pieces of sterling silver, manufactured for us by Jones, Shreve & Brown, Boston. Value	$250
To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a large, fine BOSTON BUILT MELODEON, elegantly cased, and suitable for a church or parlor ornament warranted perfect in all respects. Value	175
To the person who shall send us the *third* largest club, we will present an elegant English GOLD LEVER WATCH, chronometer and compensation balance, and extra jewels, new and warranted a perfect watch in all respects, and of the best workmanship. Value	120
To the person who shall send us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb English SILVER LEVER WATCH, same movement as above, new, heavy cased, and perfect in all respects, and warranted as to time and workmanship. Value	90
To the person who shall send us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a valuable library of SIXTY BOUND VOLUMES, all new and standard works, embracing biographies, histories, travels, etc., such as should ornament any home circle. Value	75
To the person who shall send us the *sixth* largest club, we will present an elegant, brass-bound, portable black walnut WRITING DESK, of the most exquisite workmanship, manufactured to our own order, with secret drawers, etc., by G. S. Tolman, 113 Washington Street, Boston, and furnished with every usual article. Value	50
To the person who shall send us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegantly wrought SILK PURSE, suitable for either gentleman or lady, and containing in GOLD DOLLARS, twenty-five dollars. Value	30
To the person who shall send us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a SILVER ENGLISH WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Warranted. Value	25
To the person who sends us the *ninth* largest club, we will present four elegant large STEEL ENGRAVINGS, framed in gilt, representing the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter,—elegant parlor ornaments. Value	20
To the person who sends us the *tenth* largest club, we will present a FINE GOLD PENCIL CASE AND PEN HOLDER, with gold pen, of a new pattern; an exceedingly beautiful and useful pocket companion. Value	18

Every prize is new and perfect in all respects, and may be seen at any hour by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title-pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore as soon as ten subscribers are obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and the number will be duly credited to the account of the party who sends the subscribers, until the time specified shall expire, that is, up to Feb. 1st, 1856.

It is not requisite that the entire club should be taken in one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office to that where the club is gotten up, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent, in order to be counted to his or her credit. This offer does not apply to any regular wholesale agent of our papers—the clubs must be bona fide, and *each name be sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"The Pedler's Visit," a story by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.
"The Distant Land," a poem by KIT CARLYLE.
"Isabel Dumaine," a tale by WILLIAM MORTON.
"My Baby and my Wife," verses by FANNY BELL.
"My Aunt Adelaide," a Thanksgiving story by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.
"Do a good Turn when you can," lines by BELLA FENIMORE.
"The Tableaux Vivans," a story by FRED. W. SAUNDERS.
"Life's Vale of Content," stanzas by J. HUNT, JR.
"The Dog Task," a sketch by ANNE T. WILBUR.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Artist's Joke," "The Farmer's Intrigue," "A Heart that's true," "To Mary Agnes," and "Cold Winter is near."

SUNDAY IN THE CITY.

A Sunday in the country presents no very striking contrast to a country week day—the number of laborers is so distributed over the large extent of territory, that their withdrawal does not produce a marked effect; but nothing can be more striking than the difference in the aspect of a great city on the Sabbath, from its appearance on the week day. What a universal stillness broods over its whole extent! Go along the wharves, where on six days the confusion of Babel reigns. Everything is quiet. Sails spread to dry, hang idly from the yards and masts; the flags and streamers dally in the sunshine. Look at the long lines of warehouses and stores—they are hermetically sealed, and look like solid masses of granite, as impervious as the Hoosac Mountain. Pass up on 'Change, "where merchants most do congregate." Where are the bulls and bears—the buyers and the sellers—the heavy men, the small speculators, the curb-stone brokers, the "Jews of all religions?" They have all retired to their domicils, and State Street is deserted. Inert piles of notes, and heaps of gold, lie idly in the safes and vaults of the temples of Mammon—the balance wheel of trade has ceased to vibrate. But this condition of things conveys no impression of stagnation—only of healthy repose; the rest that gathers energy and vitality for a new career.

A Sunday in New York—the great imperial city of the empire, the most peerless in extent and magnificence on the American continent—is particularly impressive. Approaching it early on a Sunday morning, in a steamer, you are deeply struck with this Sabbath stillness, contrasting with the immensity and the exhaustless materials of activity and animal life. It is strange that so holy a calm broods over the miles and miles of shipping that line the water on either hand, over the acres of monstrous magazines and store-houses, and over the prodigious multitude of quays. You round the Battery—hardly do a few promenaders meet your eye on the esplanade. The bustle attendant on the arrival of the steamboat, and the embarkation of the passengers, though less demonstrative than usual, seems a jarring episode in the tranquil history of the day. You wait till the crowd has dispersed, and then taking your carpet-bag, quietly walk into Broadway. The glitter, the confusion, the crowds hurrying to and fro—where are they? What has become of that human tide who ebb and flow so febrile, almost convulsive, upon week days? You diverge into the region of groaning presses, and busy hands and busy pens, that minister to the intellectual wants of the nation. There all is seeming quiet. Only a few newsboys, with their piles of marketable wares, scramble swiftly out of doorways, and up from areas, breaking out with their shrill enunciatory cries, as they dart into the large thoroughfares, or wend their ways to the hotels.

But the general silence is in time broken by the musical thunder of a thousand steeples, and they make the air reel with their ponderous melody. Another interval of silence, another pealing summons, and the streets are crowded. A dense tide of human beings, some richly, all respectfully attired, throng the streets. The shuffling and trampling of innumerable feet is like the rustling of fallen autumn leaves in the eddying winds of December. But quiet is the order of the day. The non-church going part of the population quietly betake themselves to carriages, railroad cars and ferry-boats, and slip out of the city to spend the day in suburban haunts, returning at nightfall, and darkness shuts upon a peaceful, silent place.

Not long after midnight, the city begins to awaken to its week of toil like a giant refreshed from his slumbers. The rumble and roar of carts, the tramp of feet, indicate the feverish pursuit of the stirring purposes of life; but that one Sabbath day of rest extends its happy influence throughout the week.

TRAVELLING.—We think the poet Campbell was right when he said "the advantages of travelling at a ripe age, when the mind has strength and information sufficient to select and enter into all the proper objects of curiosity, are tenfold those of visiting foreign countries in a state of juvenile inexperience."

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Our readers will excuse us for urging upon them the importance of renewing their subscriptions *at once*, thus enabling us to know how large an edition to print for the new year.

POPULATION.—Russia averages about eight persons to a square mile, France, 170, and England, 230.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Forrest's engagement at the Boston Theatre has been a triumphant one.

A FOREIGN CRITIC.

One Mr. Jules Janin, a French critic and paragraph writer for a Parisian newspaper, called the "Journal of Debates," has been lately stultifying himself by abusing this country in an article on Rachel's tour in the United States. We shall not repeat his stupidities and impertinencies. Suffice it to say, he asserts, in general terms, that the Americans care for nothing but abolition lectures, bloomerism, women's rights, whiskey, sherry cobblers, cigars, chewing tobacco, and Uncle Tom's Cabin; that they are destitute of all refinement, know nothing of and care nothing for the classics, and always carry knives with them to the theatre and concert-room, whittle away the seats, and show their applause by hissing. His authority for such assertions is a book by a certain Madame de Fontenay, very like, in temper and correctness, a certain work on this country by Mrs. Trollope, of unenviable fame.

The Boston Post, in commenting on Janin's article, dismisses him briefly, with the following remark: "Feed your parrot, old garlic, and go to bed." Very sensible advice. Master Janin's reputation rests chiefly on a work of his, entitled "The Dead Ass." He has shown us what a living specimen of the same animal is. Mark Antony requested the Romans to loan him their ears, but Janin is so amply furnished in that respect, that he has no reason to make a similar appeal to his auditors.

The Baron Regis de Trobriand, the critic of the New York French paper, the "Courrier," who married a New York lady, and naturally sympathizes with us, has taken our calumniator in hand, and administered to him a sound dressing with *sauce piquante*. Among other things, he says that Janin has furnished spangles, confectionary and whipped syllabub for so many years, weekly, to the Journal of Debates, that he finds himself running short, and compelled to renew his stock in trade; that nothing is so amusing as to see a Parisian critic straining to prove that the earth is not round, and that the sun does not shine on the New World. "Mr. Janin is no great traveller, and not having seen much, he has not learned much. Because he went to Florence, he fancied he almost reached the confines of the earth. Perhaps in going through Genoa, he vaguely heard that a navigator, named Christopher Columbus, had once upon a time discovered a remote, fabulous country, called America, and that gave him a desire to obtain some information respecting it, which he found in the book referred to above." The most amusing instance of this ancient zebra's vanity is his belief that Rachel was his creation, "born in his shadow, grown great by his word."

"I will not speak," says our New York champion, "either of his reasonings or his assertions. Absurdity is absurdity, and falsehood, falsehood. In a word, Mr. Jules Janin's article will remain as a curious specimen of what stupidities ignorance and self-sufficiency can give birth to, even from the pen of a man of intellect." We, Americans, have grown rather thicker-skinned than we used to be, and the attacks of this French insect will not be apt to trouble us more than the buzzing of a house-fly.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

All travellers, from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto's times to ours, have been privileged to tell large stories. Sheridan used to put them down by telling yet more incredible stories, on the principle of "fighting a rogue with his own weapons." One of these gentlemen related that in the course of his adventures, he met with a cabbage so large and lofty, that fifty armed horsemen had ample room to manœuvre under each of its leaves. "When I was in Japan," said one of his hearers, coolly, "I saw three hundred workmen engaged in making a boiler, and a hundred and fifty were polishing it." "What could such a monstrous cauldron as that be for?" asked the traveller. "To boil your cabbage in," was the reply.

VISITING.—How many people there are in the world who have no tact in determining the length of a visit. It is a somewhat difficult matter, to be sure, but when there are frequent pauses on the part of your hostess, glances at the clock, orders given to servants, *sotto voce*, etc., it is about time to make your bow. If you continue to stay on, after these hints, you will be mercilessly classed among the bores.

SYSTEM.—"Order is Heaven's first law," says the poet, and Dr. Hall, in commenting on the theme which suggested the axiom, says rightly: "A wife who has her whole establishment so arranged from cellar to attic, that she knows on any emergency where to go for a required article, is a treasure to any man."

CONVERSATION.—Life is a mixture of pains and pleasures; of good and evil days; be equally varied in your discourse; show yourself by turns sad or gay, serious or sportive, according to the subject or the circumstances.

OUR NAVY.—We are pleased to see that Uncle Sam is "brushing up" a little, and getting his steamers and sailing craft in serviceable condition. It is the best policy. War is often prevented by being prepared for it.

EMIGRATION.—Few persons, not observant of statistics, are aware how large a number of our sterling New England citizens are steadily pressing forward as settlers in the Great West. God speed them.

MR. THACKERAY.—The fine, large likeness which we have given in Ballou's Pictorial, of this distinguished novelist and lecturer, has elicited very general admiration.

SUBSCRIBE EARLY.—Three numbers more will close the present volume of our paper, the new volume commencing on the 1st of January.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.—See particulars of the prizes for clubs on the opposite page.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Mr. Tuckerman's country residence (late Treasurer of the Eastern Railroad) was sold for $9875.

Miss Elise Hensler was very successful in New York, in "Meyerbeer's Prophete."

During the Mexican war, 35,000 men volunteered, and were ready to march, if needed.

Look out for "Ten Years among the Mail-bags," by Mr. Holbrook, U. S. Post office agent.

A large proportion of the assistant editors of the New York papers are said to be foreigners.

The U. S. Consul at Panama receives $1500 a year for weighing the mail-bags.

The first edition of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was sold by Ticknor & Fields in one day.

The building of a submarine tunnel from Calais to Dover is seriously talked of.

Lope de Vega, who wrote 1500 plays, was a soldier, alchemist, priest, and twice married.

Apples are recommended as food. They strengthen digestive powers and prevent debility.

The general opinion is that Denmark will be obliged to abandon the Sound dues.

Our country continues to exist in safety, notwithstanding the London Times.

In London, ready-made sermons are sold to brainless clergymen at half a crown each.

Bloomers have begun to appear again in Broadway, New York.

The New York papers exult that the Camden and Amboy Railroad are to have a second track.

"Henry VIII. and his Six Wives," by Herbert, will sell well among the Mormons.

The Ravels have returned to New York. They bring out a new and celebrated danseuse.

A complimentary farewell benefit to Geo. H. Barrett lately took place at New York.

Mrs. Maeder (formerly Miss Clara Fisher) is fitting young ladies for the stage in New York.

Leopold de Meyer, the lion-pianist, has gone to Grafenberg for his health.

The remains of the lamented Countess Rossi-Sontag repose in the convent of Marienthal.

DRESS.

The art of dressing well consists in knowing how to unite elegance with an original simplicity. Fashions have their revolutions, their anarchies, their catastrophes, out the most exquisite neatness has always been the basis of dress. On the day of the interview between Napoleon and Alexander on the Niemen, Murat and General Dorsenne came up at the same time to take their places behind the French emperor. Murat, as usual, was loaded with embroidery, furs, and aigrettes; Dorsenne, with that elegant and select but severe attire, which made this fine general the model of the army. Napoleon, perceiving Murat in this garb, said to him: "Go and put on your marshal's coat—you look like Franconi, the circus-rider." And then he affectionately saluted Dorsenne. This lesson in dress was not lost on the army, with the exception of the vain and showy man to whom the rebuke was addressed.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The productions of no other writer, living or dead, have been so generally read and admired by *all classes* as those of Charles Dickens. The lovers of classic literature find in him their beau ideal, while he is no less a favorite with those fond of the broadest or most delicate of humor, the sharpest and keenest of satire, or of scenes where the heart is laid open, and the reader's copious flow of tears proves the author's power to make children of us all. His writings have been re-published in this country in so many forms and styles, that until recently, it was impossible to obtain a uniform edition of his works; but Mr. T. B. Peterson, the enterprising Philadelphia book publisher, has just issued, in three classes, "Dickens's Complete Works in Five and Twelve Volumes." The *first class* consists of twelve volumes, paper covers, at fifty cents each volume, or five dollars for the complete set. Sent to any address free of postage. The *second class* consists of five very large octavo volumes, bound in various beautiful styles, for $7 50, $8 50, and $9 00. Sent free of postage to any address. The *third class* consists of twelve volumes, profusely illustrated, with all the original illustrations of those world-renowned artists, Cruikshank, Crowquill and Phiz. Each volume contains a novel complete, and is sold for $1 50, or the entire set for $18 00. Sent free of postage to any address. By publishing the above works in such a variety of styles, and all on the best of paper, with new and beautiful type, Mr. Peterson has conferred a favor upon the American public which should not, and we think will not be forgotten; as it places within the means of every industrious person, male or female, a uniform edition of novels that are complimentary to any one's taste, and without which, no library can even make a respectable appearance. The above works are for sale in Boston at all of the leading bookstores. Mr. Peterson's address is 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ADDRESS.—There is this difference between address and presence of mind: The first proceeds on a plan skilfully arranged, while the second is only a sudden flash springing from a wholly unexpected circumstance, which gives rise to useful expedients. It was particularly to the address displayed by William Pitt, the English minister, that he owed the long and powerful influence he exercised over the destinies of Great Britain.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.—We believe it has never been settled whether blue or black eyes are the prettier. The Turks talk about stag-eyes in their ladies—and Lady Mary Wortley Montague liked the epithet as expressive of "fire and indifference." Homer's Juno is ox-eyed.

SILENCE!—Why will not loquacious people learn that silence is sometimes more eloquent than words? Phocion called loquacious people robbers of time, and compared them to empty hogsheads, which sound louder than full ones.

JUSTICE AT LAST.—The Spanish government are to refund to our merchants duties on building materials and provisions, illegally levied by some of the captains-general of Cuba.

CALIFORNIA.—By the time this number of our paper goes to press, Sacramento city will be lighted with gas. Comforts and luxuries are as common in California as here.

SPIRITUALISM.—A machinist in Charlestown has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum, having lost his reason by dwelling on spiritualism.

A CANAL.—Business men and capitalists talk of connecting the Mississippi River with Lake Borgue by means of a canal.

YANKEEISH.—A machine has recently been invented that will peg a boot or shoe in thirty seconds.

DEDICATION.—A new Masonic hall was lately dedicated at Hyannis, with appropriate ceremonies.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Confessions of Aristides Jinx," a story by FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.
"Through the Darkness into Light," verses by EMILY R. PAGE.
"Parting in Anger," a story by EVA MILFORD.
"Home," a poem.
"Slander and Pistols," a tale by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"Sleep," lines by TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.
"A Candidate for a Schoolmaster," a sketch by HORACE B. STANIFORD.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of William M. Thackeray, the popular English novelist and lecturer.

View of Brunn and the Fortress of Spielberg.

Picture of the city of Dresden.

View of St. Paul de Loando, western coast of Africa.

A representation of Alicante, a Spanish town of Valencia.

A series of Spanish pictures, giving representation of Spanish Ladies, Nurses, Manolas, Priests, a Balcony Scene, and a view of the Royal Palace in Madrid.

Another group of American artists, giving likenesses of Benjamin West, Henry Inman, John Trumbull, and Gilbert Stuart.

A representation of Mme. Rachel, as Marie Stuart.

General View of Newport, R. I.

Council of War, representing Generals Pellisier, Simpson and Della Marmora, arranging the details for the final assault on Sebastopol.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Ex-President Fillmore was at Hamburg at last accounts.

A report comes by way of Paris, that Russia has granted letters of marque to some American ships, as privateers.

Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had both legs shot off in the Crimea, has just been united in marriage to Miss Gurney, of Norwich.

A Paris letter speaks of a young lady who received intelligence from the Crimea of the death of her lover, her father, brother and uncle, all by the same post! Such is war.

It is rumored in London that the Bank of England and the Bank of France are about uniting in the establishment of branches in Constantinople and in the Crimea with the view of opening offices of circulation and deposit in those parts.

A new ukase by the Emperor Alexander orders a fresh levy of ten men out of every 1000 throughout all the governments of the Russian empire. This levy, it is said, will yield 400,000 men for active service, "to repulse the imminent attacks of the enemy."

The 25th of September was the heaviest day ever known in the London post-office. A mail from Australia, in addition to the usual amount of continental and provincial correspondence, was brought in, which mail, besides letters, contained 720,000 newspapers.

The London Globe (ministerial) contradicts the statement of some of the London papers that the United States government had called upon her Majesty's government to recall Mr. Crampton, in consequence of his encouragement of enlistment for the Foreign Legion.

General Simpson has been relieved from the command in the Crimea, and Sir William Codrington has been appointed to succeed him. The new commander is about fifty, and entered the army in 1821. He has held a command in the army of the Crimea since it first landed and distinguished himself in every battle.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Pride, perceiving humility honorable, often borrows her cloak.

He is doubly a conqueror who, when a conqueror, can conquer himself.

Nature reflects the light of revelation, as the moon does that of the sun.

Lawyer's gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients.

Three difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forgive an injury, and to well employ leisure time.

To pay great attention to trifles betrays a little mind.

Be above the world, and act from your own sense of right and wrong.

Indolence is a stream that flows slowly on, yet it undermines every virtue.

He who marries for wealth, sells his happiness for half price.

The happiness of every one depends more on his own mind, than upon any or all external circumstances.

The covetous man is as much deprived of what he has, as of what he has not, for he enjoys neither.

The only pleasure of fame is that it proves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure the better for the pleasure and for us all.

Passions act as wind to propel our vessels; our reason is the pilot to steer; without the wind we should not move, without the pilot we should be lost.

We do not understand anything thoroughly but what we have deciphered in our hearts; nor do we feel a deep interest in anything which has not some relation to ourselves, to our existence, to our tastes, or to our happiness.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

The oldest husbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

The lawyer who believes it is wicked to lie, is spending a week with the Quaker who indulges in marine hornpipes.

A new counterfeit bank-note is described as having for its vignette a "female with a *rake* in her lap."

A wag passing by a retailer's shop and seeing him measuring out molasses, called out to him: "Sir, you have a sweet run of business."

TO DRESS POULTRY.—When the weather is very cold, cut out, and make each fowl a jacket and trowsers. Put them on and your poultry will be dressed.

TO CURE HAMS.—First ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedy, and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

Why should a little boy be careful to watch the conduct of his papa's sister? Because the Bible says, "Consider the ways of the aunt and be wise."

A queer gatherer of statistics says that of 158 pretty women whom he met in the streets of a fashionable resort at a given time, 100 were sucking their parasol handles.

A lady was requested by a bachelor somewhat advanced in years to take a seat upon his knee while in a crowded sleigh. "No thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho' is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteighteaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

Quill and Scissors.

Mr. W. H. Doty, a well known citizen of San Francisco, has sailed from that port in the clipper schooner Page, Capt. Morehouse, on a second visit to Hakodadi, Japan, with the intention of purchasing goods for California. Mr. D. is sanguine that a very lucrative business can be opened at once between the Japan Islands and San Francisco.

Judge Pruden of Cincinnati has decided, in the case of a charge for violation of the Sunday liquor law, that while the keeper of a drinking house might open his back door to customers on the Sabbath, and sell liquor to them, yet the officers had no right to go into the back door to see it.

A female named Rebecca Farrington, who was employed in the University printing establishment in Old Cambridge, committed suicide by drowning in the stream near Brighton Bridge. She was seen to float a short distance, and then sunk.

The French Government has issued a tariff of prices based upon actual practical experiment, commanding the victuallers to charge but 15 sous per pound for beef. They exclaimed "Tyranny!" but it would be well for other places we know of to have a little "tyranny."

"American genius," says a late letter from Russia, "rules the hour at St. Petersburg. A legion of accepted war inventions are under careful trial in the way of experiments, besides an infinite number that have been declined as impracticable or unsuited to the present exigences."

Mr. D. Boll has succeeded in raising the Japanese potato plant, in his garden near New York city. Some of the roots, which he dug in October, are two feet long, and others he intends to leave in the ground to see how they will stand the winter.

It is said that an application will be made to Congress to establish the grade and rank of Admiral, with the understanding that "Old Ironsides" is to be the first on whom this honor is to be conferred.

At the request of Washington Irving, Wm. C. Bryant, Geo. Bancroft, and other distinguished gentlemen of New York, Mr. Thackeray has consented to repeat his four lectures on the Four Georges, in that city.

The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer estimates the expenditures for the war, at three hundred millions of dollars per annum for France, and as much more for England.

The Plough recommends smokers to try hops instead of tobacco, observing that the fragrance is balsamic, and, diffused in a bed-chamber, will always bring calm, refreshing sleep.

The Illustrated London News says that Nebraska Territory is a tract of several millions of acres lately purchased by the Americans from the Mosquito King!

In the New York Fair there is a knitting machine which knits a full grown stocking in three quarters of an hour. The elderly ladies are lost in admiration of it.

In Halifax, a colored boy 11 years of age having quarrelled with another boy on their way to school, stabbed him in the heart with a penknife, causing instant death.

It is said that Hon. John P. Kennedy, so distinguished as an author and a statesman, will probably succeed Governor Pratt in the Senate of the United States, from Maryland.

A boot-pegging machine has been invented, which may be operated by hand, foot or other power, and will peg a boot or shoe in thirty seconds.

The St. Louis Intelligencer states that from thirty to forty dead men are taken out of the river opposite that city monthly.

Jenny Lind has expressed an intention to visit London for the special purpose of giving a concert in aid of the proposed Nightingale Fund.

A fossilized mammoth tooth of the Mastodon Maximus, weighing three pounds, has been found lately in a creek at Canemah, Oregon.

Three lads in Rockingham county, Va., recently encountered a large bear in the woods and despatched him after a severe fight.

On and after the 5th of January, the Collins steamers will resume their old days of sailing from New York, viz: on alternate Saturdays.

In Kentucky, a wealthy man who courted a girl "just for the fun," has been mulcted in $6000 damages for breach of promise.

The aggregate of the public State debt of Georgia, as made up to the 20th of October, is $2,644,222 22.

About one in five of the deaths which occur in New York are from consumption.

The population of Hartford, Ct., is shown by the new census to be 24,024.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Gannett, Mr. Thomas C. A. Linzee to Miss Sarah P. Torrey.

By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. James F. Gay to Miss Sarah Augusta Shepard, of Albany.

By Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Charles E. Allen to Miss Helen A. Gould.

By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Alexander Corbett to Mrs. Catherine Hall.

By Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Edwin W. Brown to Miss Octavia Bell Mudge.

By Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Charles A. Ramsdell to Miss Sarah M. Balch.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Malcolm Chandler, of Brighton, to Miss Ellen L. Gilman.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, U. S. N., Albert B. Bowers, Esq., of New York, to Miss Virginia Slamm.

At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Case, Josiah L. Marsh, Esq. to Miss Mary Abby Muchmore.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Eben Fox to Mrs. Nancy Masters, of Marblehead.

At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Samuel Varney, Jr. to Miss Eliza L. Pepper, both of Salem.

At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Mr. N. Webster Adams to Miss Clara R. Warren.

At West Newbury, by Rev. Mr. Mars, Mr. Asa Hector to Miss Lucretia M. Reede.

At New York, Mr. Joseph Breckenridge, of Boston, to Miss Ellen C. Hemenway, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

At Middlebury, Vt., Rev. George N. Anthony, of Great Falls, N. H., to Miss Abby C. Stuart.

At Fredericksburg, Wayne Co., Ohio, James Taylor, Esq. of Urbana, Ohio, to Miss G. Ralston, of Rockville, Pa.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Anne Douglas, 65; Miss Susan M. Colby, 20; Mr. Cyrus Alger, Jr., 33; Mr. Geo. J. Dexter, 57.

At Charlestown, Rev. Thaddeus Fiske, D. D., 93; Mrs. Sarah E. C. Ranney, 32; Mr. Edwin Bradley, 50.

At Cambridge, Miss Cordelia C. Tufts, 17.

At Milton Railway, Mrs. Harriet A., wife of Rev. Edwin Leonard, 22.

At South Danvers, Mr. Roland Wade, 74; Miss Mary Ingersoll Proctor, 30.

At Lowell, Mr. Alfred Edwin Hinds, 24.

At Rowley, Widow Mary Smith, 80.

At Newburyport, Mr. John Torry, 26.

At Belchertown, Mr. Mark Doolittle, 74.

At Framingham, Mr. Henry Morse, 24.

At Millbury, Mr. Palma Richardson, 62.

At Worcester, Mr. David Fay, 57; Mr. Walter L. Pike, 19.

At Winchendon, Mr. Seth Tucker, 98.

At Paxton, Dr. Earle, 69.

At Fairhaven, Mrs. Judith, widow of the late Mr. Wing Russell, 90.

At Gloucester, Widow Anna Stacy, 79; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. John W. Powers, 23.

At North Andover, Mr. Jacob W. Barker, 62.

At Providence, R. I., Widow Sarah Williams, formerly of Dighton, 80.

At West Killingly, Conn., Dea. Daniel Fitch, a soldier of the revolution, 94.

At Castine, Me., Capt. Leonard S. Whiting, 42.

At Bangor, Mr. Jonathan Boardman, formerly of Newburyport, 76.

At Detroit, Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Maj. Thomas Pitts, of Cambridge, Mass.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THANKSGIVING.

BY C. C. HOWARD.

Dedicated to my little daughter, CORNELIA HOWARD, *and spoken as the drama of "Passion and Passions."*

Why should the muse in silence sleep,
At time when all are glad and free;
The day our fathers strove to keep
With generous hospitality?
No! let us all with choral voice
And lips, in joyful praises tell,
How a free people can rejoice
In One who doth provide so well:
Come, young and old, rich and poor, and say
How welcome is Thanksgiving Day.

What preparation stirs at home!
The poultry lay in lifeless state;
There busy matron, quite alone,
Arranges mince-pie and plum-cake,
While farmer sits, in silent glee,
Watching with joy all going on,
Save, when with wife, at window, he
Looks for loved daughter or fond son,
Who hurriedly are on the way,
To be at home Thanksgiving Day.

At last, all meet, in mirth and joy;
A little pledge is also there—
Grandparents run to kiss the boy
Of one who left a bride last year.
Around the table all partake
That dinner prized from childhood's time;
The family stories they relate,
While tasting of the currant wine;
Then talk of loved ones, passed away,
Who once were near Thanksgiving Day.

The wandering orphans, left alone
And friendless in a cruel world,
With rapture eat from loaded bone,
Held fast in little fingers curled.
The lost! abandoned from afar,
Feel happy in the festive hour;
The prisoner's cell and murderer's bar
Unhinge with charitable power,
Their crimes repenting, weep away,
And look above Thanksgiving Day.

The bridal moment comes apace,
And bashful ones impatient wait—
Time lingers longest in life's chase,
When lovers stand to seal their fate;
For weal or woe—ah, none can tell,
Save He who rules above the skies;
The happy pair, that love so well,
Breathe forth their thoughts in silent sighs;
Time still reveals its usual way,
The marriage vow, Thanksgiving Day.

The lecture heard in church at morn,
Must not be thoughtlessly forgot;
Our pastor's precepts will adorn
And cheer us with our earthly lot;
Pointing a path to other lands,
Which, Heaven assisting, we will gain.
Then let us march, with friendly hands,
Brothers and sisters o'er earth's plain;
And, with united hearts, all pray
For blessings on Thanksgiving Day.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE UNCONQUERABLE CONQUERED.

BY MARIA M. MOORE.

It was with swollen and still streaming eyes that Hattie sought her room, in accordance with a peremptory order from her father, whose presence she had just left; and who now, with angry looks, paced with rapid strides the softly carpeted floor of his handsome and luxuriantly-furnished parlor.

"I will teach her obedience and submission," he muttered. "Too long have I permitted her will to sway my own; until now, she expects my happiness to yield to her caprices."

Just then the door opened, and the face of her who entered bore too strong a resemblance to the face of the occupant of the parlor not to be recognized as his sister. Her countenance was troubled in its expression, and she would have advanced to her brother's side, but he stepped back, and fixing a stern glance upon her, said:

"Ellen, I am not pleased. Many have been the remonstrances I have offered to induce you to use your influence to curb my daughter's strong and, too often, selfish will; but I have felt them all of no avail, and this evening I have had evidence that even her father's happiness is a matter of no consequence to her, when in opposition to her own selfish desires. My kind, affectionate and persuasive arguments have proved of no avail, and I have sent her from me angry and obstinate. But this time, I am determined my will shall rule. I will attempt no more expostulations, but I *command* that she prepare cheerfully to receive her, whom one week from now I bring to this house as my wife."

The door closed with a violent slam, and the father was beyond the voice of persuasion. As the sister looked up at his kind, benevolent face, which hung in its rich frame over the mantel, she wondered how its features could have worn the angry look that had just so distorted them.

She would go to Hattie; poor Hattie! It was a pity she should have to submit, when it came so near breaking her heart. Her brother had scolded her for humoring the child; how could she cross the frail and delicate creature? But now she saw the daughter's will must yield, and she must gently strive to win her to submission.

When Hattie, expelled from her father's presence, reached her room, she threw herself upon her bed, and gave vent to a passionate burst of tears and sobs. The violence of her grief had sent Aunt Ellen to the parlor, to expostulate with her brother; but we have seen the utter failure of her mission; and Hattie knew by her lingering footstep upon the stair, and her gentle and silent opening of the door, that she had no good news of success to communicate. Her first words, solemnly spoken, were:

"Hattie, your father is very angry."

"I don't care," sullenly responded the young girl; and after a moment's pause, she added, "he is cruel and hard-hearted. Does he think I have no feeling—no spirit—to submit to the whims and assumptions of a step-mother?" And she sat upright upon the bed, while her eyes fairly glistened with aroused passion. "And poor little Laura," she continued, "I suppose she is to be taught to honor and obey my lady's dignities and caprices. But it shall not be!" and she folded her arms, and drew up her form with a firm determination.

"Hush! Hattie, my child," said her aunt. "You know Mary Marshall is said to be all that is lovely and amiable. Be assured, she will not desire to domineer over you and Laura."

"If she is so very lovable," said Hattie, in a scornful tone, "I am confident our father will have no affection to spare for us."

"O, Hattie, do not be unjust to the best and kindest of fathers. He will never love you less, my darling; believe me, he *could* not;" and Aunt Ellen kissed fondly the flushed cheek. "Now, my pet," she continued, "you must promise me to weep no more, for your poor head must ache already, I am sure."

Some sixteen summers had left their brightness on Hattie's fair brow; and as she stands with proud and erect form, flushed cheeks, and eyes brightened with excitement, we cannot but think her very beautiful. Her hair had become loosened from its confinement, and fell over her shoulders in waving luxuriance. With an impatient movement, she quickly gathered up its profusion, and twisted round and round the long brown tresses until they formed a mass of careless, though not ungraceful, braids; a handsome adorning to the fair head, and giving grace to the swan-like throat and drooping shoulders.

Now the moment had come for her nightly prayer, and her angry spirit quailed before her Maker's presence. She threw herself wildly upon her knees, bowed her head one moment upon her clasped hands; and though her lips moved not, the inward struggle of her soul was visible in the shudder which passed over her form, and in the firm compression of her tightly-clasped fingers. Her young spirit, though passionate and unyielding, had not yet learned deception's coils, and shrank from mockery's offerings with terror and disgust.

Exhausted by her late violent paroxysms of grief, our young heroine soon found that peace and repose which sleep and its oblivion alone brings.

Mr. Hamilton had started to bring to his home a northern bride. Aunt Ellen had pleaded that it would not be necessary for Hattie to accompany him, and he had yielded to her arguments, thinking, perhaps, that after all it would be the most peaceful arrangement; but he gave it to be distinctly understood that he would expect to find cheerful faces and greetings when he returned.

Hattie, for *her* part, gave Aunt Ellen expressly to understand that she need look for no assistance from her in the arrangements of household affairs, for the reception of the fair bride. Little Laura, delighted with the bustle of preparation, ran hither and yon, wherever the footsteps of her aunt led, asking a thousand questions, and expressing interest in everything that was going on, until Hattie would check her joy by beseeching her to be still, and declaring she felt it to be more a preparation for a funeral than anything else.

"Why, sister?" the little creature would ask, creeping to her side, and looking up wonderingly in her face.

"Because, Laura, our own dear mother is now to be forgotten, and her place filled by another, who may, perhaps, even win our father's love from us. I hate the name of step-mother; it is hard—too hard!" and she would burst into tears, when Aunt Ellen would fold her in her arms, and beg her not to weep.

Little Laura would then seat herself upon her cricket, and folding her tiny hands in her lap, would wonder what dreadful thing was going to happen. Papa had told her he would bring back with him a beautiful and good lady, whom she would love like the dear mama the Lord had taken to the bright heaven when she was a wee helpless baby. It had made her happy to think of this; but now Hattie cried, and Aunt Ellen looked troubled, so she could only feel frightened. She wished papa was home, that she might creep into his arms, as she often did, and feel there was no harm near.

At last the few days had passed; all preparations were completed; the evening had arrived, and the hearts of the expectant ones, grouped in the parlor, beat quickly to the sound of each carriage which as it rolled up the street.

Hattie, with excited impatience, had seated herself at the piano; but her fingers kept pace with her heart instead of her music, and, with some impatient exclamation, she threw aside the sheet, and rose from the stool. Next, she picked up a book; but page after page her eye gleamed over, without her comprehending a word, until, angry as her visible want of control, she sprang from her chair, and commenced hurriedly to pace the floor. This last motion caused little Laura to look up wonderingly from her low seat at Aunt Ellen's feet; and even Juno, the beautiful hound that lay asleep upon the rug, in front of the bright grate, started and raised his graceful head in surprise at the young mistress's manifestation of restlessness.

Hark! here come wheels—nearer—nearer. Hattie pauses in her walk, and clasps her hands tightly, while the color forsakes her cheek, and her heart almost ceases to beat. Close—closer,—yes, they stop! the bell peals, and Juno starts to his feet, barking a loud welcome. Aunt Ellen placed Hattie's trembling arm within her own, and drew her towards the hall. The young girl paused a moment, but she heard her father's voice, and she felt she must obey; so clinging nervously to Aunt Ellen, she reached the passage in time to see Laura in her father's arms, and to hear a sweet, thrilling voice calling the little one's name, as though it had forever been familiar music.

Before her father was aware of her presence, the stranger's eyes had rested upon her; and when Hattie saw their gentle light, and felt the twining of her arms about her neck, while a warm kiss rested on her lips, her heart smote her, and the bright color rushed back to her cheek. Her father's "God bless you, my beautiful child!" as he folded her tenderly in his arms, assured her that as yet his love was all the same.

Aunt Ellen was assisting to divest the late traveller of her warm wrappings, and when she stood relieved of their burden, Hattie could find no fault in her broad, open brow, large hazel eyes, full of tenderness and the soul of poetry, straight and well-formed nose, and a mouth boasting of several hide-and-seek dimples, and around which played no spirit not altogether lovely. Her hair was very black and shiny; her complexion dark, though clear; her form round and slightly robust, although, in statue, below the medium height.

Attracted by the handsome hound, she stooped to caress it, at the same time saying to Laura, around whom her arm was thrown:

"Is this your beautiful pet, darling?"

"No, he is Hattie's; but he loves me, too," said the little girl, while her tiny hand followed the strokes of the fair stranger.

"And can you spare enough of his love for me, Hattie?" said the gentle, thrilling voice; but Hattie had caught the glistening of a brilliant diamond upon the fair hand that caressed her pet, and her heart grew stony when she remembered why it was there—the wedding witness.

She answered, coldly:

"Juno would do as he pleased, despite my directions. He is used to his own way, and I am not tyrant enough to compel him to do anything against his will."

The cheery little tea-bell sounded its pleasant tones, and Laura, as guide to the newly-found mama, led the way to the dining-room. Here was the bright urn, with its ever cheerful sing, behind which Aunt Ellen led the young wife, who playfully remonstrated against taking from her the seat of honor; but Aunt Ellen, for once, was firm, and the former yielded, laughingly declaring she knew she would not be able to fill it half so worthily.

Did any one observe Hattie's untasted cup, as they rose from the table? One gentle eye filled as it rested upon it, and one heart sank with a sad foreboding; but the husband's voice called "Mary," and she drove back the tear, and crushed the rising fear at her heart as she followed him to the servants' hall, where her soft hand grasped kindly the hard palms of those who claimed her as a mistress, and who, as she left their presence, united in one voice of admiration and praise.

One year had passed since Mr. Hamilton had brought home his gentle wife. As she sits in the misty light (for it is starlight), we can see there is a shadow resting on her brow, and a sadder light beaming in her dark, tender eye than were there one short year ago.

The bright grate glows just the same as it did on that frosty, winter evening, and, as then, Juno lies asleep upon the rug. The shadow is creeping deeper and deeper over Mary's troubled brow, until, at last, unable longer to restrain her feelings, she covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled fast through her white fingers. At the sound of a broken and half-controlled sob, Juno roused, and creeping to her feet, raised his eyes wishfully to her face. She bent over to give the never-withholden caress, but the tears fell as fast as ever, and she murmured a word which the dog seemed to know, and he whined low as he caught its sound. It was Laura's name. Poor, little Laura! sweet to her had been the summer of the mother's love, who had held the slight form in her arms while the young, pure spirit had taken its flight to heaven, and in whose heart her image was enshrined, never to grow cold or forgotten; and she is the mother who now sits alone in the dim, misty twilight, weeping her spirit child's memory. But hark! there is a peal at the bell. It is Hattie's voice. What is it she says?

"I will be ready at eight."

The door is closed, and a light footstep glided up the stairs. Could Hattie be going out again? But here comes a well-known sound at the hall door, and remembering her tearful eyes, the wife quickly escaped to bathe away the traces of her recent emotion. As she took her wonted place at the tea table, the ever kind-hearted Aunt Ellen would hardly be satisfied that it was only a slight headache that caused her to look so badly.

"Hattie, love, do take something warm to drink this cold evening," said her aunt; "it makes me chilly to look at your tumbler of ice water."

"I like it better than tea; so don't trouble about it, Aunt Ellen," was the reply.

None guessed, but the gentle step mother, why Hattie never drank anything but cold water.

"Father, I am going to hear Parodi to-night," said the young girl, passing her arm through Mr. Hamilton's, as they rose from the table.

"Indeed, Hattie! With whom do you go?" and the affectionate father patted the little hand resting on his arm.

"There is quite a party of us going together. Mr. Robertson calls for me, and we all meet in the concert room."

"Well, my darling, you love music better than anything else in the world. Go and enjoy it." And Hattie went.

"Mary, you do not like Robertson?" said the husband, in an inquiring tone, as the door closed after the young couple.

"I do not consider him a man of very high-toned principles," was the reply, "nor of much intellect; and I should feel happier if Hattie were less inclined to receive his attentions."

"His extreme light-heartedness and freedom of manner, I think, deceives you, Mary," said the husband. "I have never discovered an actual want of principle in his conduct. I acknowledge him to be impulsive; and his generosity and carelessness of expenditure amount to a fault; but he is young, and his errors are by no means crimes; and you know, my love, one is often deceived by judging too hastily of intellect."

"Well," responded Mrs. Hamilton, "I may be uncharitable in my opinion, but I cannot bring myself to think as favorably of the young man as you do, although I would grieve to judge him harshly."

"As to his attentions to Hattie," added the husband, "they amount to nothing; he is a cousin of the child's most intimate friend, Minnie Morrison, and meeting as frequently as they do, doubtless they have acquired a kind of sociable friendship for each other—nothing more. If Hattie were thinking of aught else, I should soon give her the benefit o some of my differing views. Tut, tut, Hattie is too young to think of such things."

Woman's quick conception had discovered more than this. Mrs. Hamilton knew well that young Robertson could not be Hattie's ideal of a man. The young girl's own talents, and appreciation of intellect in others, forbade her to think it; but that she was encouraging attentions seriously meant by him, she could not but perceive. Hattie's intentions she could not fathom. Well the young girl knew the estimate her step-mother placed upon the character of her young friend; but Mrs. Hamilton had seen that the expression of her own opinion only incurred Hattie's resentment, and provoked her to persevere in her obstinacy to act her own will; so she refrained from the utterance of the offensive subject, though her heart trembled as she saw the young girl's strange and incomprehensible conduct.

Let us follow Hattie and her companion on their walk to the concert hall.

"I might say this is an unexpected pleasure, the enjoyment of your company this evening, Miss Hattie," said young Robertson.

"Why so?" was her inquiry.

"I imagine your mother has somewhat of an antipathy to your humble servant, and would object to your receiving his services as escort," responded the young man.

"She has never said anything to you to justify such an opinion," she haughtily answered.

"O, no, I only judge by appearances," said Robertson; "but I feel as though I would beard a lion in his den to win one of your bright smiles."

"No necessity for such a wonderful act of valor for the accomplishment of so small a favor; and as for appearances," she went on to say, "never trust to them, they are often deceptive;" and she was sure he would not feel quite so elated if he knew she was speaking with reference to her own conduct, while he considered her remark apropos only to another.

"Where are your spirits this evening, Miss Hattie?" asked her companion, observing the young girl's unusual indisposition to engage in the wild and animated flow of conversation and repartee that always rendered her so fascinating to him.

"I was not aware," she answered, "you were so luckily escaping their fire; so, without loss of time, I must resume my charge." And she ran off into one of her wild bursts of wit, sarcasm and ridicule, keeping her young escort in a fund of amusement until they arrived at the concert hall.

Her grave mood, noticed by her companion, had been caused by a train of reflections, chased through her mind by the misgivings of an uneasy and reproving conscience. She felt her action of the evening to be unkind, ungenerous—ay, even cruel. She knew she had pained the heart of her gentle step-mother. To be sure, no word had passed, but that mild glance had spoken volumes. Too well she was aware of the quiet, though decided, judgment, passed upon young Robertson; and she knew it to be just. Why so persevering in her wayward course? Did she love him, that his faults should be forgiven, and his attentions encouraged? No; even his civilities disgusted her. Then why so strangely mask her feelings? Was it only to pain the heart of the gentle being, whom, from the first, she had resolved never to love, never to respect, outwardly, and to oppose in all things possible? Could it be that all that being's forbearance towards her, all the affection and devotion shown to those dear to her, who persisted in repelling the same advances, the same affection, and the same extended confidence—could it be that all this had failed to soften her heart? and that her conduct of this evening was only indulged in for the sake of continuing an opposition of her own obstinate nature, to one who would willingly have folded her to her bosom, as an own precious child, and shielded her from suffering and harm? Hattie's heart echoed it was but for this; and conscience whispered remorse; but it seemed to her now as though to yield were death. Pride! pride! thou wilt let the heart wither with remorse, but how hard it is for thee to show the semblance of a repentant spirit.

In the concert hall, our heroine met familiar faces, and her voice spoke to them of a heart happy, free and guileless. How little they knew its mysteries!

During the evening, Robertson, while standing by her side, once bent to whisper something, meant for her ear alone, when his leaning position caused his watch-guard to display its adornments of charms rather boldly to the young girl's gaze, and among the trinkets, her eye caught sight of a familiar ring. She knew it was her own, and remembered that her young friend, Minnie Morrison, had, almost unconsciously to herself, removed it from her finger one evening or two before.

"Mr. Robertson," said she, "I perceive you are in possession of a piece of my property, which I will take the liberty of reclaiming;" and she looked significantly at the tiny ring.

"But which claim I cannot admit unless you consent to make an interchange, and receive this in lieu," said the young man, drawing from his finger a handsome diamond.

"O, no," she quickly responded, while an angry flush mounted to her cheek and brow, "that would be but useless to me, while the other is dear from old association."

The short intermission was over, the music had recommenced, and Robertson bent low, that she alone might catch the music of his voice, as he said:

"You will not be cruel enough to compel me to resign what, though but a bauble to you, is the dearest treasure I possess on earth."

"Mr. Robertson, your trifling is disagreeable to me. I desire the immediate return of my ring, and the recital of no such preposterous speeches," said the young girl, while her brow contracted with displeasure; but heedless of her frowns, he proceeded:

"Hattie, you *shall* hear me, by Heaven! I love you, and all the powers of earth shall not deprive me of you. Say you will be mine, and I can be calm; but refuse, and you drive me mad!"

Frightened by his wild words and manner, the maiden's heart beat fearfully, and her color fled.

"Return me my ring, and I will show you my answer," she said. "Be assured, I will not keep it."

And this promise, together with the tremulousness of her voice, and the palor of her cheek, deceived him, and he removed the treasure from his guard, pressed it fervently to his lips, and placed it in her hand.

"This ring," said the young girl, in her now usual voice, "was the treasured possession of a little sister, whose death I now mourn; for her sake, it was dear to me, but your breath and touch have polluted it—rendered it unworthy of my regard—so I part with its memory forever!" and she crushed the frail, jewelled bauble between her fingers, and scattered the fragments on the floor.

Robertson was gone. Everybody but Hattie thought he must have felt suddenly ill. She was silent, and thought no one was the wiser for her evening's performance; but as Minnie Morrison and her brother bade her good-night at her own door, the former whispered, "O, Hattie, you have been cruel to him!" and then she knew Minnie had seen all. How could she have helped it? But from that time she was no more like the intimate friend of the past. She was Robertson's cousin, and had doubtless encouraged him to make that hated declaration; at least, she had loaned him the ring, which had called it forth. Hattie knew she loved him, and would sympathize in his mortification, and blame her, as she already did, for her cruelty; so whenever they met in the future, it was only in the crowd.

When Hattie entered the parlor, enveloped in her wrappings, she started on seeing a stranger; and, as he rose from his seat on the sofa beside Mrs. Hamilton, in acknowledgement of her presence, his tall, manly form, and noble intellectuality of feature, struck her as forming the handsomest and noblest specimen of mankind she had ever beheld.

"Hattie, this is my cousin, Glen Morgan, of whom you have heard me speak frequently," said Mrs. Hamilton.

She had expected the young girl to make the encumbrance of her wrappings an excuse to leave the room; but her heart bounded with surprise and pleasure when she threw them off carelessly upon a chair, and seated herself on one side of the bright grate. How beautiful she looked, with her eyes glistening like brilliant stars from under their long lashes, and her cheeks suffused with a bright color, heightened by her evening's excitement, while her hair was soft and rich in its brown luxuriance, and her brow bore the stamp of proud intellect. Her mouth had even forgotten to assume its usual slight curl of scorn, which it generally wore in the presence of her step-mother; and the latter, forgetful of all past injuries and neglect, looked upon her only with love and pride, as she replied with her native quickness and elegance of expression to the remarks of him, the first tone of whose rich voice had won her lingering presence.

Hattie knew this to be Mrs. Hamilton's favorite cousin, who for two years had been visiting the beautiful lands of the continent, and whose return had been expected for some weeks past. Of the same age with his young cousin, he had first been her playmate and companion, then her friend, confidant and adviser; and as she possessed neither brother nor sister, he occupied the place in her heart of both. Bereft of father and mother, his home had been hers, and his gentle mother—the sister of her own—had opened her heart as warmly to the little lone orphan as to her own darling, and clasped them with equal tenderness to her maternal bosom. Thus they had grown and lived together at dear old Oakland, and no sooner had Glen pressed upon his mother's brow the kiss of re-union, than he bade his old home a short farewell, while he sought his sister-cousin, to receive from her a dear greeting and warm welcome back to his native land. The clock struck eleven, and he rose to go.

"You are not worthy a shake of the hand," said Mr. Hamilton, while he nevertheless directly contradicted his assertion by a warm grasp, as he continued: "You should have ordered your trunk to follow you here, and made our home yours while you tarry in the city. I cannot forgive you for not doing so."

"It was impossible for me to tear myself away from a young friend, who met me at the depot on my arrival, and who had been my fellow-traveller during nearly the whole of my European tour, until I promised to let my baggage go to his hotel, and return and room with him while in the city, as he wanted to talk over with me many pleasant incidents of our travels, and enjoy, at least, some of my company, which I must of necessity give him under these circumstances. However, be assured I shall not spare you my presence, and I am afraid you and Miss Hamilton will both be willing to admit me a bore ere very long, as I have no doubt my fair cousin here as done many a time before."

With a graceful inclination of the head, and a light good-evening to Hattie, he passed from the room, followed by Mr. Hamilton and his wife, who accompanied him to the door.

Hattie had escaped to her room ere they had returned to the parlor; but when she laid her head upon her pillow, it was not to sleep, for the events of the evening came trooping through her mind; and when she had succeeded in driving away the remembrance of her angry and strangely-terminating scene with Robertson, then came the rich tones of the stranger, and the light of his clear dark eye, to haunt her with their own peculiar fascination. And when at last she slept, the same face visited her dreams; and in her sleep she still heard the deep music of the stranger's voice.

The next morning, when Hattie awoke, the sun was streaming in her window, and astonished that she should have slept so late, she sprang up and commenced a hurried toilet. She feared

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they were all at breakfast, and wondered why Aunt Ellen had not called her. In her hurried descent of the stairs her foot slipped, and, in attempting to prevent her fall, she only precipitated herself forward with more violence, and falling with her weight upon her arm, uttered a cry of pain as she felt the bone snap in sunder.

Whose arm was it twined so tenderly around her, as she lay overcome by her agony? And whose voice was it beseeching her in tremulous and agitated tones to tell the cause of her suffering? Could her scream have been recognized and answered thus promptly? It was *she*, the step-mother, whose love and tenderness she had always so heartlessly repelled, who was the first to answer her distress. Mr. Hamilton and Aunt Ellen had followed, and she was borne to the low couch in the breakfast-room, while a messenger was quickly despatched for a physician.

When she was bearing, with courageous fortitude, the painful operation consequent upon her accident, she turned her face away, that she might not become mentally weakened by the sight of preparations and procedure, and her eyes fell accidentally upon Mrs. Hamilton, who knelt at the foot of her couch. She perceived that the bright tears were chasing each other rapidly down her cheeks, and that every trace of color had vanished from her face. This exhibition of undeserved love and tenderness touched Hattie's seemingly unconquerable heart. Her pride, her obstinacy, she forgot all—all, and extending her hand, she closed her eyes to hide the tears which fast filled them, and grasped tightly the fingers which now clasped her own, heedless of all the rude pressure of the hard diamond, whose sparkle had, hitherto, petrified each tender heart-string.

The physician had gone; but Hattie was ordered to lie perfectly still upon her couch the remainder of the day. How strangely her heart beat as that gentle hand bathed her pale brow, and anticipated each wish and want before half imagined by herself. As Hattie raised her grateful and tearful eyes to her face, and murmured a low "Thank you, mother," the sound seemed like an echo of Laura's voice, and the step-mother bent and kissed the white, tremulous lips that had uttered the precious words, and her heart swelled with a thankful prayer that this blessed moment, so long pleaded and waited for, had arrived at last.

Hattie had never before called her "mother;" she had adroitly avoided every occasion when it would have been necessary for her to address her by name. Long had her heart been sensible of its depth of injustice; but now, by one master struggle, she had conquered the towering pride of her nature, and drank freely and gratefully of the golden bowl, brimming over with its rich treasure of a pure and unchanging love, which she had, heretofore, dashed rudely from her lips. How sweet and dear its draughts, the future told; and Hattie ever praised God that he had blessed her with its wealth.

O, those precious days, spent half reclining on the long couch, in the cheery and sociable little breakfast room, with the long raging storm in her bosom all quelled, and peace and love illuming and blessing each as it passed! Will Hattie ever forget their memory?

There she lay and listened, with ear and heart entranced, to the rich voice of Glen Morgan, as he painted in his vivid coloring the beauteous lands of his visitings, and the soul-stirring scenes he had witnessed; and then how strangely pleasant and welcome were the glances of appreciation and admiration, when her own heart would pour out its depths of thought and aspiration with an enthusiasm which would afterwards call the bright blush to her cheek in fear that she had spoken too wildly, too earnestly. The days were thus passing rapidly away; a few more, and Glen must leave their pleasant society for his Oakland home.

One bright morning before his departure, as he sat alone with Hattie in the pleasantly associated little sitting-room, he paused suddenly in the cheerful conversation, and his countenance assumed a thoughtful and serious expression.

"Why so pensive this morning, Mr. Morgan?"

"I was thinking just then," he answered, "that partings were sad things; and I was also indulging a hope that you would not refuse a remembrance from one who will ever cherish the recollection of these bright days as the happiest of his existence." And with these words, he drew from his pocket a long, slender box, and took from its velvet lining a band of richly-chased gold, adorned as a coronet, with three delicately carved stones of exquisite Florentine workmanship.

"How beautiful!" was her exclamation.

"But one earnest request I must make, ere I ask your acceptance of my offering," said the young man, and he still detained the beautiful ornament, as he continued: "It is my wish that you accept the giver with the gift. Say me not nay, Hattie. My heart is yours—all yours. Tell me it is not altogether a vain offering, and let me crown you as my own." And Glen held the circlet over her head.

Her cheeks were suffused with blushes; but as she raised her glistening eyes to his face, he read his response in their dear light. The jewelled clasp united, and she was all his own.

The days departed, and Glen went to cheer the lone hearthstone of his mother's home; but ere long he came again, and yet again, and then Hattie promised he should return no more without her. But when the summer birds had flown, and the gay flowers drooped their bright heads to die—when old Oakland was growing cheerless and desolate—she would come and drive away the dreary shadows with her own bright presence.

And Hattie's wedding eve. How beautiful she looked in her orange flowers and lace. Glen's treasured gift rested upon her brow, and from its golden band flowed her bridal veil. The farewells were spoken; and as they drove from Hattie's old home, she wiped away a tear-drop from her cheek; it was a parting tribute of love from her gentle step-mother. And Glen and she went home to old Oakland, while Hattie now more than ever blessed the day when Mary Marshall became her step-mother.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. ADA N. EDDY.

> Youth and the opening rose
> May look like things too glorious for decay,
> And smile at death—but death is not of those
> That wait the ripened bloom, to seize their prey.
> HEMANS.

The morn was bright, and the sky was fair,
When a sweet little child sought the cooling air;
The locks that shaded her sunny brow,
Were sporting gay in the breezes now.

She pulls sweet flowers from their thorny stems,
And decks her hair with the fragrant gems;
And her tuneful voice is blithe and gay,
As she warbles forth her matin lay.

There are evening shadows clustering round,
Their forms are lengthening o'er the ground,—
The child is wearied with restless play,
And hies her home from the fields away.

Her blossoms, withered by noontide heat,
She listless throws at her mother's feet;
And her carols wild have become as mute
And as silent now as the herdsman's lute.

The morning dawns in its glories mild,
'Tis heeded not by the sleeping child;
She sings no more in her girlish pride,
Like her gathered flowers, she has faded—died.

Yet her voice, that hushed at yester-even,
Is tuned to the notes of a lyre in heaven—
Though she walks not here at morn's first hour,
In heaven she blooms—herself a flower.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TRIP TO MINNESOTA.

BY GEORGE S. GAITHER.

I HAD seen the turbid waters of the mighty Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans; had floated on their muddy surface, from the confluence of the Ohio to the blue salt waters of the Mexican Gulf; and now I was curious to see its wild, majestic banks above the mouth of the Missouri. The very evening I reached the famous Galt House, from my rustic home in the interior of Kentucky, I met some neighbors who were returning from a speculative trip to the magic town of Chicago, Illinois. On entering the hall, I saw an audience of seven, or more, listening attentively to a speaker, seated in their midst. I approached, and caught some such words as these:

"I tell you, gentlemen, in less than fifty years, Chicago will be the largest city in these whole United States. New York will be its suburb! Except San Francisco, the golden city of the Pacific, no city in the world has equalled Chicago in progress. A thousand ships bring in the produce of the surrounding country, and ten thousand rail-cars come in daily, laden with the precious freight of the teeming land! You will scarcely believe me, gentlemen, when I tell you that nineteen—yes, nineteen railroads enter in this wonderful city!"

"Wonderful man!" I said to myself, as I approached the office register to enter my name. "Who is that man?" I asked the clerk, Mr. Smith.

"That is the puffer-general of a company of Kentuckians, gone to Chicago to get rich."

I returned to listen; and I could well imagine myself in the presence of a Turkish story-teller, or Neapolitan improvisator. That night, I dreamed of colossal fortunes and untold wealth, and was yet wrapped in restless visions when the servant called me in the morning to make ready for the cars.

I was steamed over the prairies of Indiana and Illinois so rapidly, it seemed no more distinct than the recollections of my dream of the previous night. An omnibus took me from the depot to the grand caravansery, called the Tremont. There was not a spare bed in the hotel! I was told that the Young America was just opened, and I might get in there; so I paid another quarter for trunk-transportation to the new house.

The Young America is so well known now, I will say nothing about it, except that I paid about twelve dollars for two days' board and lodging! I swore never to stop at any young house again. Speculations in city property and land was all the talk, from the city barber to the city mayor. I must tell a good anecdote apropos of land-jobbing, which I got from a fellow-traveller.

The real estate brokers are also lawyers, bankers and traders. They hire fine carriages, to drive the moneyed speculators about to see the houses, lots and lands they have for sale. One day, Mr. Tom Brown, a rich man from somewhere, was presented to Jno. Smith, Esq., land-agent, banker, etc. Mr. S. proposed to show Mr. B. the town, and the glories thereof, with the ultimate expectation of being well paid for the drive in the splendid buggy and fast horses, by a pretty spec on Mr. Brown, whom he suspected ought to have been named Green.

The next morning, the pair were seen rolling rapidly along the lake shore plank-road. Mr. Smith pointed out city lots, in swampy flats, three miles from town, and exhausted himself in elegant praise of the Illinois prairies. They then drove back to town.

"Now," said Mr. Brown, "show me some of the most valuable city property you have for sale."

They circled through some of the best streets, and drew up on the public square.

"Now," said Smith, pointing to a vacant lot, "here's the best speculation in the world; I can afford to sell you this lot at $1000 a foot—dirt cheap! You can double your money on it in less than twelve months."

Mr. Brown looked at his watch calmly, and finding it near the dinner-hour at the Tremont, said coolly to Mr. Smith:

"Please put me down at my hotel, and then you may survey me just six inches of that magnificent lot; that's about the amount of my pile."

Mr. S., of course, had the courtesy to drive Mr. Brown back to the hotel; but I guess he swore to make some greenhorn pay for Brown's ride.

Tired of the garden city in two days, I felt light and free when I found myself safe in the cars, one morning, with a through ticket for Galena, the hill-side, lead-town of Illinois, which has given its name to the heavy mineral of the neighborhood. How rejoiced I was to see the Big River once more! though it did not look quite as much like the Father of Waters, as it did at New Orleans. I have noticed that the water of all the northern rivers has the color of tan ooze, in winter. Is it the difference in soil, or the effect of macerating pine leaves in the swamps?

The finest scenery, on the upper Mississippi, is from Alton to Saint Antony; above there, the country is as level as the alluvion of Louisiana. There are five good steamers plying between Galena and St. Paul. The scenery around Rock Island and Davenport is the most charming. I shall long remember the afternoon I passed on the island, among the ruins of the fort!

Galena is seven miles up a tortuous and muddy little stream, called Fever River, a corruption of the French *Riviere des Feves*, meaning Bean River. The central portion of the United States was first explored by the French, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and they have established the nomenclature still existing in many places. In receiving the country from the French, we ought to have retained the Indian names, or translated the French expressions of them.

The upper Mississippi is a continued string of low islands; and I think it should have been called Insula, or Island River, above the mouth of the Ohio. Lake Pepin is an enlargement of the river, five miles wide and twenty-eight long. It has no superficial current; and rafts are tugged through it by steamers. Prairie du Chien, three miles above the mouth of the Wisconsin River, is the largest and prettiest place between Dubuque and St. Paul. It is on a charming prairie, bordered by beautiful hills, in crescent form.

St. Paul is irregularly laid out, on a bluff, 160 feet high. This bluff slopes down to the river, making two bendings, three-quarters of a mile apart. The semi-circle, in which it lays, is divided into two plains. The lower one is twenty feet below the upper one, and has a deep, sandy soil; the upper plain is marshy.

The gentle hills are covered with small trees; but few have been left standing in the city. Minnesota Territory abounds in lakes, or ponds, as they ought to be called, for few of them exceed a mile in diameter. Millo-Lacs and Minnetonka are the largest. The last is thirty miles long, and they talk of putting a steamer on it. I went on a fishing excursion to White Bear Lake; the distance is nine miles, over a hilly country, thinly wooded. From one point in the road, we counted seven lakes! White Bear Lake is as pretty a sheet of water as I ever saw; it is two by three miles, and has an island of eighty acres in it, covered with maple trees. We caught as many bass, pike and cat as we wanted, in a few hours, and returned to the city.

Wood and water are the chief wants in all prairie countries. How fast these western countries are peopling! The steamboats from St. Louis to Leavenworth (on the Missouri), and to St. Paul, are crowded with emigrants, who have been suffering in the eastern States, and are now hurrying to hunt an easy home in the boundless wilderness, west of the Mississippi. Let them come! there is land enough for an empire east of the Rocky Mountains; and when the best of that is cultivated, there is plenty more on the Pacific slope, claimed by Uncle Sam. The red men must move westward, as the pale faces encroach upon their hunting-grounds and fishing-streams. In one more century, the Indian tribes of North America will be extinct, and the story of their existence will be a fire-side legend, in the households of the whites.

The first settlers of a country are hardy heroes, who suffer for the benefit of a thankless posterity. We never dream of what our pioneer parents have suffered; but it is better to till the land in solitude, than to starve in crowded cities!

I suppose the spirit of land speculation in Minnesota is greater than in any State of the Union. This prevents the actual settlement of the lands already sold by Government, and forces emigrants to locate further west, where they can get the land at $1,25 per acre. It is a blessed thing for the world that so many of the inhabitants of this prosperous land are devoted to agriculture! Unheard-of prices are asked for lots, in the dozen triangles composing the city of St. Paul; and $100 per acre is demanded for land ten miles distant! A moneyed man's ambition is to be the owner of a town. Every other house is a land agency; and every agent has the map of a town in his pocket. To hear the owner describe it, you would expect to find a full-grown town. He shows you where the court-house is located, the spot of the principal hotel, the post-office, and if you go to the town, you find one shanty among the trees, or blushing in the parched prairies. Fifteen years ago, people were flocking to Michigan, and paying forty dollars an acre, for land, which they would be unquestionably glad to sell now for one third of the sum.

There are four daily newspapers in St. Paul. You wonder how the editors live, when you see half of them in bar-rooms all day, and the other half playing billiards. Your wonder ceases, when you find that three sides of the papers are covered with advertisements of new towns, patent medicines and railroads, and the other page with items you have read, for the last two months, in every paper published in the United States!

What are commonly called hotels, is another species of swindling shop, in this blessed country of ours, that grows higher in price, and meaner in accommodation, as you proceed westward. The bar-rooms of western hotels pay the house-rent; and the proprietors make a fortune in five years. The first house you come to, in a western town, is the American Hotel; the Tremont House is a little more aristocratic, i. e., higher priced, and is nearer the centre of the town. The best of the other buildings are boarding-houses. If you have ever tried one, the memory of it will haunt you forever.

Every man in St. Paul is lawyer, banker and land broker. You go to be shaved, and the barber will propose to sell you a farm, or a town lot; buy a cigar, and the shop-keeper can sell you land! They tell you money is worth five per cent. a month; the security is real estate. Everybody has a lot to mortgage. You lend $500, and take, as pledge, a lot at $1000. In three or six months, the mortgage is foreclosed, the lot sold, and it brings $300. That's the way banking is managed there; hence the money brokers are doing little business.

I found several persons from Louisiana had purchased property, near St. Paul, for summer residences, and on speculation. It may do well enough in summer; but the idea of being wrapped in wool, for nine months out of every twelve, with nothing green to relieve the sight, dazzled and dimmed by constant snow and ice, is enough to deter any southerner from such a dreary abode.

I became weary of the wild country in two weeks, and turned my thoughts to the goodly city of St. Louis; but I had harder times coming down the river, than I had going up, on account of the rapids at Keokuk and at Rock Island. The passage of these rapids (one twelve and the other eighteen miles long) is dangerous in low water. Goods are carried up the rapids in barges drawn by horses, walking in the edge of the water.

I stopped a few hours at Quincy, and took a look at that flourishing river-town. I arrived safely in the hospitable city of St. Louis, which I had not seen for five years. They may boast of Chicago, but it will never reach St. Louis! After passing a delightful week among former acquaintances, the mail-boat brought me comfortably to the Falls City of Kentucky, where my trip ends. For particulars of the country I have been sketching, see Bond's Minnesota and its resources, and Robert D. Owen's surveys of the country, by order of the U. S. Government. Let those who choose dwell in the ice-bound regions of Minnesota; but I prefer the warmer plains of Texas.

THE WOMEN OF CIRCASSIA.

In Circassia, the Osmanli has everything fitted to his mind. A poor country—beautiful, but unreverenced women. The father is willing to sell—the woman is unloved, and is willing to go. If she stay at home, she will be sold; if she go to Stamboul, she will yet but be sold. Whatever her rank in Circassia may be—whether she be the daughter of a serf or a freeman—above that position she cannot be sold in the country. But, if she go to Stamboul, her loveliness may procure a pacha for a purchaser. Nay, who knows but what it may be the Sublime Porte himself? At home, she is a man's slave; in Turkey, she will still be man's slave. At home, she will be surrounded by poverty, and its necessity—misery; in Turkey, she may be the wife of a rich man. True, she pines, as woman ever pines, for love; and would gladly suffer aught if she could but be loved. But no one will love her—no one thinks her worth having, and she must do without it. This can as well be done in Turkey as anywhere else. Woman, in Circassia, is the entire property of man. She has neither will nor existence of her own. Whom her father chooses—him she must love, if she can. If she be unmarried, and her father dies—if she be married, and her husband dies—directly she devolves to the tribe to whom her father or her husband belonged. These take possession of her, in place of the dead, and marry her, or sell her, to whom they will. But, if she be married to a person in Circassia, it must be to one of her own station. A serf's daughter must marry a serf; a freeman's daughter a freeman; and the daughter of a noble must be married to a noble. Unless, therefore, the Circassian has seen a youth upon whom to lavish her young affections, she usually desires to be sent to Stamboul. If her father be willing, she is sold to a slave merchant, who takes her to the land she has chosen. There, she is sent to a ladies' school, where she is carefully instructed in the accomplishments of the Turkish gentlewoman. And, if she be very beautiful, she will be taught reading, writing, Turkish, Arabic and Persian literature—these will be an additional recommendation in the eyes of a wealthy Osmanli. After two to four years—according to her age—spent in the seminary, the young girl is fit for sale. Her "condition" now receives the most unremitting attention, for a few months. The doctor in attendance at the establishment, visits her constantly. She is fed very carefully—she is daily bathed very discreetly; cosmetics, of the most excellent kind, are pressed into use. All these things are done, that her limbs and face may appear beautifully rounded, and that her skin may be pure, pale, clear; in a word, that she may look her very loveliest.—*Eastern Sketches.*

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

One Sunday evening, lately, while the Rev. Dr. Welch, of Albany, was in the midst of one of his most impassioned charity sermons to a crowded house, an incident occurred which put to his test both his politeness and presence of mind. A pair were awaiting to be married after the sermon, in the rear of the audience, and were to be called forward by the sexton. But the latter official, having become absorbed in drowsiness or contemplation, while the reverend doctor was preaching, was suddenly roused to his recollection by hearing the doctor exclaim, "The spirit and the bride say, come." Off he posted to the wedding company, and notified them that the moment had arrived for the ceremony. They promptly obeyed the summons, and the bride and groom, bridesmaid and groomsman, came marching down the broad aisle in the midst of the discourse. The preacher, seeing at a glance that a mistake had been committed which was likely to terminate unpleasantly, finished his sentence, descended from the pulpit with dignity and composure, tied the irrevocable knot, and returned to his pulpit to finish his discourse. The wedding party were not at all aware that everything was not as it should be.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

LONG SPEECHES.

O, seldom-speaking Cromwell! whose vocation was by no means talk, but who made Europe tremble, Ireland orderly, and England great—how need we wonder that a true worker should seek to get rid of chattering Parliamentary magpies, and pray the "Lord to deliver him from Sir Henry Vane!" O, silent Washington! who could conquer the mighty, and found the greatest empire in the world, but whom a D'Israeli could confound in utterance! O, taciturn Brutus! who could even make Rome more illustrious, and delete Carthage from the world's map, but could not outspeak even the rawest of reporters! Have we not "fallen on evil days and evil *tongues*?"—*London Dispatch.*

MARRIAGE IN SARDINIA.

Marriage follows love more or less in Sardinia, as elsewhere. When arrived at the serious point, sometimes the lover, accompanied by a friend, sometimes the lover's father, proceeds to the house of the girl's parents, and there gravely professes to have lost a sheep, for which he is in search. If the parents are agreeable to the match, they proceed, if they have several daughters, to present them one by one, reserving the one wanted until the last. Then follows the bargain as to exchange of gifts. A day is fixed for the exchange, and the lover gives his betrothed a solemn kiss—hence this meeting is called ora del facio; and from this solemn pledge he cannot swerve, without dishonor to his betrothed, and taking upon himself the vengeance of her relatives and clan. On the day of betrothal, the friends of the bridegroom, called paralymphos, form a procession, and carry the articles composing his store, to her father's house, where they knock and pretend to be impatient because the door is not immediately opened to them. The inmates inquire who and what are these impatient people, and what they bring? to which the paralymphos answer, that they have honor and virtue. Then they are admitted—the family and friends in their gayest costume—and they proceed to exchange the segnati, or gifts; and the list of the various articles being examined, the business is solemnized by a feast. The day of marriage is then fixed, and proclaimed in the village church for three consecutive Sundays. Eight days before it takes place, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, forms a procession with carts loaded with the furniture, etc., he had undertaken to supply to the house of the intended bride. Here they are examined, condemned, if not up to the customary mark, and, when finally passed, repacked and conducted in state to the new house of the bridegroom.

The bride's procession follows a few days afterward. The musicians, playing on the peculiar pipes of the island, march first, and friends follow, each carrying something—one a looking-glass; another a basket of crockery and glasses; a third, a new distaff, with the flax or wool ready to be spun off. Another guest carries the picture of the favorite saint, destined to adorn the nuptial bed. A pillow, trimmed with colored ribbon and myrtle, is a favorite gift; and the prettiest maiden of the party carries the vase to be used thereafter by the bride for fetching water from the fountain, but which, on this occasion, is filled with flowers. Each of her friends is the bearer of some little article of future use. Behind them, follow the carts with the heavy goods, the horns of the oxen tipped with oranges and covered with colored ribbons. Some wheat, with a pair of grinding stones, fills a separate cart, behind which follows the ass whose future duty it will be to work the mill, his ears and tail adorned with ribbons and flowers. All the furniture being arranged, is adorned with flowers, which, however faded, must not be removed for many months after the marriage. On the marriage day, the bridegroom proceeds with his companions to the house of the bride, who, on his arrival, takes her farewell, receives the blessing of her parents, and is consigned to the hands of the priest. The bride takes with her a bottle of wine and a cake of the finest wheat, colored with saffron and adorned with flowers, as a present to the priest, and distributes several cakes of her own making among her young friends in the procession.

The ceremony being over, they return home, where, at the marriage feast, the young couple, seated next each other, eat soup out of the same basin and with the same spoon. During the festivities, the bride is not allowed to move or speak, though around her all is gaiety. When she leaves her grand chair to start for her own house, she is placed on a horse, gaily caparisoned, and led by one of the men at the right hand of the bridegroom, the females following behind her, and the men joining in his retinue. On arriving at the court of the house, the mother receives the bride, and sprinkles her with grain and salt. She alights from her horse on a little table, covered with a piece of carpet, and passes into the house without touching the threshold. The bride is then accompanied to the bridal chamber, and a dance concludes the amusements of the day.—*London Globe.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DEATH.

BY SURRY STEWARD.

Death in his onward march spares not,
He cannot be bribed with gold,
He visits alike both palace and cot,
And levels both young and old.

The miser's gold cannot buy delay,
Or prolong his fleeting breath;
With the labor of years he cannot stay
The onward march of death.

The gold he has hoarded in years gone past,
Now loses its magic power,
And cannot even serve at last
To lengthen his dying hour.

The king, on his throne, turns ghastly pale,
When the steps of death draw near,
And he who made millions quail,
Is now a slave to fear.

The peasant, in his lowly cot,
Must feel his wasting breath;
Tears and prayers avail him not,
For he must sleep in death.

Alexander, thou conqueror of the world,
Whose pride was to subdue,
Your bloody banners no more unfurl,
For death has conquered you.

All things on earth soon pass away
At the approach of death,
And we must all return to clay,
Beneath his chilling breath.

All things on earth teach us to die,
To improve the time that's given,
And when in his cold arms we lie,
He'll bear us safe to heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWO ACRE LOT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

When Andrew Merriam died, it was found that besides the little cottage in which he lived, and its simple furniture, he left absolutely nothing. His widow and only child Frank had but little time to indulge in grief. They were compelled to devise some plan by which they might be enabled to support themselves, without, if possible, being compelled to move from the cottage which, though far enough from being a sumptuous home, was endeared to them by many associations.

Frank was a fine, manly boy of twelve, with strong and generous impulses, and an affectionate disposition, which made him a universal favorite. He had been kept at school from an early age, and was more than usually advanced for his years.

The mother and son sat in the little sitting-room, a few days after Mr. Merriam died, discussing their prospects.

"Mother," said Frank, earnestly, "I don't want you to feel troubled. You have labored so long for me that it is now my turn. I only want something to do."

"My dear child," said the mother, "I do not need to be assured of your willingness. But I am sorry you should be compelled to give up your studies on my account."

"That will not be necessary. I can study in the evening. But what do you think I can find to do?"

"I know so little about such things, Frank, that we must consult some one who is better qualified to advise—your Uncle Moses, for instance."

"What sort of a man is Uncle Moses, mother?" asked Frank. "He never comes to see us."

"No," said his mother, with some hesitation; "but you know he is a business man, and has a great deal to attend to. Besides, he has married a lady who is fashionable, and I suppose he does not care to bring her to visit such unfashionable people as we are."

"Then," said Frank, indignantly, "I don't want to trouble him with any applications. If he doesn't think us good enough to visit, we wont force ourselves upon him."

"My dear child, you are too excitable. It may be that it is only his business engagements that have kept him away from us. Besides, you are only asking advice; it is quite different from asking assistance."

Finally, in the absence of other plans, it was thought best that Frank should go to his uncle's house the next day, and make known his wants.

Moses Merriam was an older brother of Frank's father. Early in life he had entered a counting-room, and had ever since been engaged in mercantile pursuits. At the age of twenty-eight he had married a dashing lady, who was more noted for her fashionable pretensions than for any attractive qualities of the heart. She was now at the head of a showy establishment, and did not fail to bring up her children in the same worldly manner in which she had herself been bred. She knew little and cared less about Mr. Merriam's relations. It was enough that they were not in a position to reflect credit upon the family. When Mr. Merriam had communicated to her at the dinner-table a week previous, that his brother Andrew was dead, she said, "Ah, indeed!" in the most indifferent manner, and that was all.

She had one son, Edgar, of the same age with Frank, but he was far from having the good qualities of the latter. His mother's indulgence and example made him selfish and arrogant, and in particular filled him with an unbounded contempt for the poor.

The town of Clifton, where Frank and his mother lived, was six miles distant from the city in which his Uncle Moses did business.

Early one morning, Frank having dressed himself as neatly as his modest wardrobe would permit, started to walk to his uncle's place of residence. There was a communication by stage, but it was necessary to study economy, and Frank fortunately possessed a stout pair of legs which would answer the purpose quite as well.

Two hours found him knocking at the door of his uncle's residence. It was a tall, brick house, with a swell front, and to Frank's unpractised eyes, looked magnificent enough for a nabob.

"Well, what's wanting?" asked the servant, who answered the bell, in rather a supercilious tone.

"Is Uncle Moses at home?"

"Who's Uncle Moses?"

"Mr. Merriam."

"No, he isn't."

"Where is he?"

"At the store, I expect."

"Is Mrs. Merriam at home?"

"I don't know, I'll see. Who shall I say wants to see her?"

"Frank Merriam."

Frank was shown into the drawing-room, which displayed an amount of splendor that quite dazzled him.

He was mentally comparing it with his mother's quiet sitting-room, and thinking that in spite of its simplicity, it was far more pleasant and comfortable than his aunt's drawing-room, when his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a showily-dressed lady, who sailed into the room with a majestic air, and fixed a cold stare upon Frank.

"Are you my aunt?" asked he, somewhat disconcerted.

"Really I couldn't say," she returned, "never having seen you before."

"My name is Frank Merriam," he replied; "and I live at Clifton. My father," here his voice faltered, "died lately. He was Mr. Merriam's brother."

"Ah, yes, I believe Mr. Merriam mentioned something about it."

Mrs. Merriam said nothing more, but seemed to wait further communications.

Frank sat in silent embarrassment. His aunt's coldness repelled him, and he easily perceived that he was not a welcome visitor. But a touch of pride came to his aid, and he resolved that he would be as unsociable as his aunt.

Finding that her visitor was not disposed to break the silence, Mrs. Merriam, growing tired of the stillness, and wishing to put an end to the interview, rose with the careless remark:

"You must excuse me, this morning, as I am particularly engaged. I suppose you know where your uncle's store is? You will probably find him there."

Mrs. Merriam went up stairs and resumed the novel whose reading had been interrupted by Frank's call—that being the important engagement which she had alleged to excuse her withdrawal from the room.

Frank, his warm heart considerably chilled by his cool reception, and a little indignant also, descended the front steps and inquired the most direct way to his uncle's store. He was not long in finding it. Entering, he looked about him to see if he could not recognize his uncle, whom he had never seen, by his resemblance to his father.

Mr. Moses Merriam stood behind a tall desk at the extreme end of the store, with a pen behind his ear. He looked up as Frank approached.

"Are you Mr. Merriam?" asked our hero.

"That's my name," was the reply.

"Then you are my Uncle Moses?"

"And you, I suppose, are my brother Andrew's child?" said Mr. Merriam. "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sir, I am the only child."

"You may be surprised that I should ask, but we have not met as frequently as brothers should. I am so occupied by my business that I have little time for other things. Were you named after my brother?"

"No, my name is Frank."

"Your mother is still living, I believe? I hope my brother left her well off?"

"My father left us the house we live in, and that is all."

"And I suppose you have come to ask help? I am sorry, but my family expenses are very great, and trade is dull. If I were able—"

"You are mistaken," said Frank, a flush rising to his brow—"I do not come for assistance. I am old enough to work, if I only knew what to do. Mother told me that I had better consult you."

Mr. Merriam looked relieved when he ascertained that his nephew's visit threatened no demand on his purse, and regarded Frank more favorably than he had done.

"Ah, that's well. I like your independence. Just what I like to see. I suppose I could get you into a store in the city, if you would like."

"How much could I earn?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"Well, ahem! as to that, they are not in the habit of paying anything the first year, as the knowledge of business obtained is considered a sufficient recompense."

"Then it wont do for me," said Frank. "It is necessary for me to earn something at once, to support my mother."

"Then I don't know," said his uncle, "what can be done. There are very few things that boys of your age can do, and it is so easy to obtain them, that people are not willing to pay them wages."

Frank looked crestfallen, and his uncle embarrassed. He feared after all that he might be compelled by fear of the world's opinion to extend pecuniary assistance. At length an idea struck him.

"Do you know anything about farming?" he inquired of Frank.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "a little."

"I asked for this reason," pursued Mr. Merriam. "When your grandfather, and my father died, he left me a two acre lot in Clifton, which has always been used as a pasture, when at all. The land was not very good, and I have been so much occupied with other things, that I could not look after it. Perhaps you may know something of it?"

"Yes," said Frank, "it is only half a mile from our house, and is called the two acre lot. But I didn't know that it belonged to you."

"Yes," said his uncle. "What I was going to say is, that although I am unable to give you such assistance as I should like, I will, if you like, give you the use of this lot rent free, so long as you like. Perhaps you can put it to some use."

Frank's face lighted up, and he thanked his uncle, giving him credit for much more benevolence than he really possessed. He was already building castles in the air, and was anxious to return to his mother to communicate his good fortune.

His uncle congratulated himself on getting off so well, and invited Frank to dine with him; but the latter was not tempted by his morning's reception to go again, and accordingly set out homewards.

Early the next morning Frank went out to inspect his "lot." He had passed it hundreds of times with indifference, but it was with an entirely different feeling that he regarded it now.

It was pasture land naturally good, but had been much neglected. Frank decided that it would be a good plan to have it ploughed up, and planted with potatoes and other vegetables, which would not only give their small family a sufficient supply, but enable him to sell a large quantity at market.

These plans he unfolded to his mother, who approved them, but feared the labor would be too severe for Frank's strength.

He only laughed, stretching out his stout arms in playful menace towards his mother.

"But," said she, a doubt occurring to her mind, "you will have to get it ploughed, and buy seed. That will cost something."

"I have thought of that," said Frank; "but although we have no money to pay for these things, people will be willing to wait till the harvest, and then I can pay them easily."

During the day Frank called on Farmer Norcross, who had two pair of oxen, and asked him if he could come the next day and plough up his two acre lot."

"Your lot!" exclaimed the farmer, surprised. "Why, you don't mean to say you are going to farming?"

Frank explained.

"It's a good idee," said the farmer, heartily. "I'm glad to find you've got so much spunk, and I'll help you all I can."

"I don't know," said Frank, hesitatingly, "as I shall be able to pay you until autumn. But the first money I get for the potatoes I'm going to plant, I'll pay you."

"Never trouble yourself about that, Frank," said the farmer, kindly. "I shan't charge you a cent for ploughing the land."

"But," said Frank, "I don't want you to take so much trouble for nothing."

"It wont be for nothing," said Farmer Norcross. "Your father has done me more than one good turn, and it's a pity if I can't do something to help his son, especially when he's such a good boy as you have always been, Frank."

Frank walked home with a glow of pleasure lighting up his face. He was more fortunate than he had hoped. The favor to be conferred was, he knew, no trifling one, and would tend materially to increase the profit of his crop.

Farmer Norcross was true to his promise. The next day he appeared on the ground, and by sun set the two acre lot was ploughed. He did not stop there, but gave Frank much useful advice as to how he should apportion the land to different purposes, and also supplied him with seed, consenting at Frank's request, to take pay in kind when the harvest time should come.

Frank found the task of planting rather a laborious one; but, that done, he had some time to himself.

One day as he was at work in the field, his attention was drawn to a man, who after watching him for a while, climbed over the wall, and approached the place where he was standing.

"Pretty hot work, isn't it?" he inquired, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, sir, rather," said Frank, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Who are you at work for?" continued the stranger.

"Myself," said Frank.

"You are quite a young farmer. Does the land belong to you?"

"No, sir. To my Uncle, Moses Merriam."

"Then your name is—?"

"Frank Merriam. My father was Andrew Merriam."

"You say *was*," said the stranger, with some emotion. "Is your father dead?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank, sadly.

"And where does your mother live?"

"In a little cottage about half a mile distant," was the reply.

"My name is Thompson," explained the stranger—"Edward Thompson, and I used to know your father many years since. I have been in foreign parts for twenty years past, and have just returned. I am intending to pass some time in this village, and if you think your mother would be willing, should like to board with her."

"I'm afraid," said Frank, hesitating, "that—that we live too plainly to satisfy a gentleman like you."

"No fear of that," said Mr. Thompson. "I am somewhat dyspeptic, and my physician orders me to live simply. Come, I'll wait till you have hoed through this row, and then you shall go home and introduce me to your mother."

Mrs. Merriam, although she had no remembrance of Mr. Thompson as one of her husband's friends, was pleased with his appearance—and agreed to take him as a boarder, at his urgent request.

"As to the price of board," said she, "we live so simply that it will not be worth very much—perhaps two dollars."

"Two dollars!" interrupted Mr. Thompson.

"Or if you think that too much—"

"Too much, my dear madam! Far too little, rather! Do you know I have always been accustomed to pay seven, and I am sure they did not give me such a pleasant room as this. As to the living, I shall live just as well as the doctor will let me, and that is enough. So it's agreed, and I will pay you seven dollars a week."

Mrs. Merriam objected, that this was enormous, but her new boarder insisted that he should be a great deal of trouble (a mere fiction, as it proved), and, saying that it was customary to pay in advance, placed twenty-eight dollars in her hands.

The bright sun of prosperity seemed all at once to rest upon the widow's cottage. Mr. Thompson proved to be not only a profitable but an agreeable boarder. He would often go out and assist Frank in his labor, and in the evening when the three were gathered about the table in the little sitting-room, would entertain Frank and his mother with accounts of what he had seen in his travels.

The summer passed away, and autumn filled the fields with plenty. Frank's lot exceeded his anticipations. After reserving a sufficient quantity of vegetables to keep them through the winter, he sold enough to bring him fifty dollars. In addition to this, Mr. Thompson had now been with them fourteen weeks, and his board, of which the greater part remained untouched, amounted to ninety-eight dollars. Actually, Frank began to feel rich.

One evening, Mr. Thompson announced abruptly, that he had purchased one of the finest estates in the village, and that he intended soon removing there.

Frank and his mother looked disappointed.

"Then you will leave us?"

"No, I hope not. I mean to have you come and live with me. I haven't the least idea of keeping bachelor's hall. Had too much of that in India. Well, will you go?"

There could be but one answer to this generous proposal. After a pause, Mr. Thompson said:

"For whom was Frank named?"

"For a brother of Mr. Merriam—who disappeared many years since, and who is presumed to be dead."

"And yet I have the fullest assurance that he still lives."

Mrs. Merriam looked at him in astonishment.

"It cannot be that—"

"That I am he? Yet it is so. My dear boy," said he, addressing Frank, "you must learn to look upon me as your Uncle Frank, who having been tossed about the world for many years, has at length returned to his native country, to enjoy the competency which he has accumulated, and to bestow a portion upon those of his relatives who need it."

Little more need be said.

Before winter set in, Mr. Frank Merriam, as we must now call him, with his sister-in-law and nephew, were established on the estate he had purchased. Frank has resumed his studies, and will enter college next fall. He always meets with a flattering reception *now* from Mrs. Moses Merriam. It is strange how much prosperity changes one for the better. His Uncle Moses has even generously bestowed upon him the two acre lot. Frank never regrets his brief season of adversity. It has strengthened in him the conviction that "God never fails to help those who help themselves."

RAISING THE WIND.

A penniless individual has invented a new method of recruiting his finances. He has addressed a letter, in most pathetic style and despairing chirography, to all the celebrated authors of the day; in which he professes an utter weariness of life, its troubles, its disappointments, its emptiness—he longs to commit suicide—has not a man, he asks, to whom life is a burden, a right to lay it down; to shorten a little a journey full of thorns, at the best? etc., etc. The distinguished man whose opinion is sought in this epistle, seizes his pen and writes: "Ah, my dear sir! what are you about to do—" Four pages, usually of lofty philosophy or religious admonition, treated with all the logic and eloquence which he would employ in a chapter of his works. The rogue reads it, and laughs heartily; for an autograph merchant will give him five francs, ten francs, twenty francs for it; according to the importance of the author, or the degree of development which he has given to his earnest and charitable advice. Some friendly souls beg to be informed that he has renounced his fatal design; others have been so simple as to inform the police.

The affair was discovered in this way. An autograph collector met in a single day with three letters full of the "unfortunate young man," all inculcating the duty of living even under the most disagreeable circumstances, in preference to drowning one's self or blowing out one's brains. The three letters were signed Lamennais, Silvio Pellico and Espartero. The latter was most laconic, and therefore did not bring but thirty sous. The warrior said: "Sir, I advise you not to kill yourself. Death is a bullet which one must encounter sooner or later in the battle of life; it is best to await it patiently." The letter of Silvio Pelico was the most prolix; the worthy little old man preached through four pages, not suspecting that he was exhorting one already convicted. This homily brought twenty-five francs; that of Lamennais, which was of admirable orthodoxy, fifty. These letters were traced back to the autograph merchant, who confessed that he had forty five letters of edifying admonition still on hand. These were signed, among other names, by Montalembert, Cardinal Antonelli, Fennimore Cooper, Count Xavier de Maistre, Abd el-Kader, Alexander Humboldt, Alfred de Vigny, Charles Dickens, Emile Souvestre, George Sand, Cardinal Mezzofanti, and Lady Esther Stanhope.—*New York Picayune.*

A KISS IN FEE.

A young German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny lately, in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Upon the verdict of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and her gratitude in a manner which very much astonished her counsel, the court, and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the court-room like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and triumph, unconscious of the gaze and the smiles of a crowded court-room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst over her head, and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A MADMAN'S FEELINGS.

The Rev. Robert Hall, in "Green's Reminiscences," in allusion to his first attack of mania, says: "All my imagination has been overstretched. You, with the rest of my friends, tell me that I was only seven *weeks* in confinement, and the date of the year corresponds, so that I am bound to believe you, but they have appeared to me like seven *years*. My mind was so excited, and my imagination so lively and active, that more ideas passed through my mind during those seven weeks than in any seven years of my life. Whatever I had obtained from reading or reflection was present to me."

Jester's Picnic.

Old S——, of B, was noted for keeping in his store the most incongruous assortment ever offered for sale. A wag once bet with a friend that he would inquire for some knicknack which Jemmy could not supply. The bet was clinched, and the two proceeded to the shop of the old antiquarian.

"Friend S——," said the quiz, "Have you a good second hand pulpit?"

"Yes, sir," replied the unsuspecting shopkeeper, without the least idea of there being anything uncommon in the question; "yes, sir. I bought one yesterday from the trustees of the Methodist church, who are fixing up the interior of their meeting house."

So saying, he showed them to the barn where this most curious article of trade had been deposited. The winner laughed, the loser bit his lip, and paid the wager, while Jemmy's character for keeping an assortment of goods became more firmly established.

At a hotel the other evening, a young and fully moustached dandy from a certain city was seated at the tea-table, at rather a late hour, when a barkeeper came in, and took a seat opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back in his chair, and gazed at the barkeeper, and exclaimed:

"Fellah, do the servants sup with a gentleman in this house?"

"No sir," was the reply.

"Are you not the barkeeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a barkeeper is a 'help,' as much as the scrub girl."

"True," replied the man of the toddy-stick, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw there was not a gentleman at the table! Ahem!"

Here the conversation ended. Moustache was "fixed."

A Detroit mercantile gentleman, who was travelling eastward a short time since, went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown to his room. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door at some little distance, marked B.

Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the next door to his own, marked A, where he discovered a lady passenger making her toilet, who, upon the stranger's appearance, uttered a low scream.

"Go away—go away!" screamed the lady.

"Letter B!" yelled the clerk.

"I am not touching her at all!" shouted the indignant merchant.

A worthy lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children, with horror, read the following:

"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt; in a few days they will be cured."

"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory"

"Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it plase yer honor, I walked bouldly up to one of the inimy and cut off his fut."

"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general.

"Ah, an faith, that was off already," says Pat.

A gentleman being in company with a sprightly damsel of fourteen, was somewhat annoyed by her playful trickery. At length he exclaimed:

"Now, my dear girl, be still."

This was touching a cord of feminine vanity which is always sure to vibrate. Assuming an air of importance, and retiring to a position of defiance, she responded:

"Girl! indeed! *I am as much of a woman as you are.*"

A well known Providence sporting character tried his luck in that city the other day, and found it *bad*. The bank refused to discount for him, and his deposits were exhausted. On turning his back upon the scene of operation, a sympathizing friend said to him, "Tom, are you broke?"

"Yes," said Tom, with a sigh, "and so *dead* broke *that if steamboats were selling at a cent apiece I couldn't buy a gangway plank.*"

The fogs in England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, when some one who was going to Spain waited on him to know if he had any commands, replied: "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England."

In a Spanish paper, says Punch, there is an account of the execution of twenty five rebels. The writer declares that "the rebels were *all* of them taken out, and shot by *fours.*" This comes of a nation never paying its debts; it inevitably loses the knowledge of the first elements of arithmetic.

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